# HARPER'S WEEKLY.
## A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. X.—No. 508.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4,00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

HON. JAMES SPEED, OF KENTUCKY,
President of the Southern Loyalists' Convention.

"NATIONAL HALL," PHILADELPHIA—MEETING OF THE SOUTHERN LOYALISTS' CONVENTION.

THE SOUTHERN LOYALISTS' CONVENTION AT PHILADELPHIA—"PARSON BROWNLOW" PASSING THROUGH THE RANKS OF THE NORTHERN DELEGATION, IN INDEPENDENCE SQUARE.—[See Page 598.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1866.

## THE PRESIDENT'S TOUR.

SO melancholy a spectacle as that of the President of the United States passing through the country and passionately denouncing Congress and some of his fellow-citizens by name, was never before known in our history. Invited as President to participate in a public ceremony, he surrounds himself with the chief civil officers of the Government, and the two great heroes of the war, and then insists that he may stump the country as he goes, in his private capacity. We defy any man to read the speeches uttered by the President without wincing with mortification. The whole thing would be inexpressibly comical if it were not too painful. The inanity, the vanity, the incredible balderdash of these performances would set the whole country shaking with laughter, except for the fact that the speaker is the President of the United States, and the man who gravely expresses his profound admiration and delight in the spectacle is WILLIAM HENRY SEWARD. The story of this progress reads like an incident of the lower empire in its lowest days. A man might justly tremble for his country, if he did not feel the deep disgust and unutterable indignation of the honest people all around him. If the elections had been held on the day the President reached Chicago the Union ticket would have swept every State. As it is, this Presidential progress has unquestionably carried the autumn elections for the Union party. For there is not a thoughtful man who does not ask himself, with startling emphasis, how any policy could be safe in such hands?

We have but incidentally mentioned the saddest part of the whole, and that is the part played by MR. SEWARD. It is not anger, nor disgust, with which his words are read and his conduct in this extraordinary performance contemplated, by those to whom in other years his name was a pride and his words were an inspiration. Such men—and they are the only true friends he has ever had or will have in the country—have looked on in inexpressible sorrow and consternation. What more they have felt, what more they are justified by the truth in feeling, there is no occasion to express in words.

It has been MR. SEWARD's hard fortune—cruel for himself, mournful for those who honored him as political chiefs are always honored—to be tried beyond his power. We are not of those who hold him willfully treacherous to humanity and liberty; for it is easy to believe in ourselves and to count all who differ as faithless. Nor do we explain his course by any motive so poor as desire of revenge upon the party which did not make him President in 1860. Men act from mixed motives, and the balance of moral perception once disturbed, ever so slightly, is not readily recovered.

MR. SEWARD was made for calmer times and a purely political arena. He neither believed in the war before it came, nor understood it when it burst. "The Union saved by the sword is a Union I can not comprehend," he said, in his last important speech in the Senate. He did not understand it then. He understands it still less now. At once a doctrinaire and an optimist, he accepts a form for a fact, and refuses to believe in an actual event which seems to him illogical, however it may burn and bruise the country.

At the close of the great campaign of 1860 MR. SEWARD, who had laid aside his natural and bitter disappointment to work for the success of MR. LINCOLN, passed through the West making a series of speeches, so varied, so powerful, and so persuasive that they will endure among the purest illustrations of American eloquence. Crossing the line of the Free States he carried the banner of Republican equality of rights up to the very citadel of the enemy; and at St. Josephs, upon slave soil in Missouri, he made as masterly and lofty a plea as ever fell from his lips. Returning to the increased love and admiration of his friends, he was never so great as on the day of MR. LINCOLN's election. Had he died then his name would have been chief among American statesmen for insight into the necessary conditions of American civilization, and his memory would have been the inspiration of those, younger in years, who were to carry on his work.

Well, the work remains, and there are the younger men to do it. But their hearts are as the hearts of soldiers who win the victory after their chief has fallen.

## THE UNION STATE CONVENTION.

WE heartily congratulate all loyal Union men in the State upon the singular harmony and enthusiasm of the Syracuse Convention. Victory was never more plainly prefigured than in the cheerful confidence with which every delegate from every part of the State reported the increased interest and determination of his neighbors and friends to secure the legitimate results of the war; nor was it easy to find a single person who knew of any defection in the ranks, except such as might be traced to bread-and-butter considerations. The usual discord of such an assembly was entirely wanting. Indeed there was a natural expectation that a Convention of the party, meeting under the peculiarly exciting circumstances of the time, from the very want of dissension among its members, might express itself intemperately. But its wisdom was as evident as its warmth. Those who were hopeful that the Convention would help to defeat itself by its extravagance, find nothing to say but that the platform is tame compared with the spirit of the delegates.

The candidates, excepting Governor FENTON, are new men, but men whose character and ability are such as to give both strength and dignity to the ticket. They are worthy representatives of the principles of the party and of the citizens such principles make. The resolutions declare that the Constitution has been maintained as the supreme law—that every interest demands the speediest restoration compatible with justice and safety—that States can not secede, and that Congress is the restoring authority when attempted separation has failed—that the emancipation amendment works a change in the Constitution prejudicial to the equality of the States in representation—that this inequality should be adjusted, and that the adoption of the new amendment would equalize the representation as well as define citizenship and its rights; would, in fact, engraft the legitimate results of the war upon the organic law, and that any State which adopts it should be allowed to resume its relations in the Union. The resolutions further declare that the President in denouncing Congress convicts himself, and that his policy inevitably tends to such scenes as those of Memphis and New Orleans—that equality of rights is the sole foundation of secure peace—express satisfaction in the spread of liberty in all lands, and undying gratitude to the soldiers and sailors of our army and navy, as well as to those of every race in the rebel States who were true through the war to the Union.

Such are the words and the works of the New York Union Convention, and no member is ashamed of them. If any body is of opinion that States ought to gain representation by rebellion, he will probably brand the Convention as radical. If any body holds that a State retains all her powers and relations in the Union unimpaired while she is trying the experiment of forcible secession, he will doubtless call the Convention disunionist. If any body thinks that a New Yorker ought to lose equality of representation with an Alabamian because he defended the Government and is now heavily taxed to support it, he will of course denounce the Convention as revolutionary. But if a man can see no reason why the citizen of South Carolina or of Mississippi should be rewarded for rebelling, he will support the Syracuse Union nominations. If he thinks that the men who saved the Government have a right to take care that reasonable security be taken for future peace, he will support the Union ticket. In short, if he thinks the political opinions and spirit of Vermont and Maine are dangerous and anarchical, while those of South Carolina and the slums of the city of New York are truly conservative and peaceful, he will certainly vote with the Dead Rabbits. But if he believes that a tendency by lawful means to secure equal rights among all citizens is a tendency toward endless tranquillity and prosperity, he will vote with the Union men who met at Syracuse, to secure the legitimate results of the war.

## WHEN SHALL WE RESUME SPECIE PAYMENTS?

THE public debt was reduced last month by the sum of $37,000,000, making a reduction for the year of over $125,000,000, notwithstanding the large amount of unsettled claims which have been adjusted within the period. At this rate the present generation will witness the entire extinction of the war-debt—unless, indeed, it should be deemed by future Congresses better policy to reduce taxation than to cancel indebtedness. As a matter of abstract principle, there can be no question but we had best pay off our debts first, and reduce our burdens afterward; but when hard times come, and making a living becomes more difficult than it is at present, it is not unlikely but some political party may raise the cry of "Less taxation!" and may carry its point at the polls. It is comfortable to believe that before adversity again befalls us we may have reduced our aggregate debt below two thousand millions.

A saving of from $18,000,000 to $20,000,000 a year may be effected by the conversion of our present Six and Seven-Thirty per cent. obligations into Five per cent. bonds as fast as they fall within the control of the Government. If present prices are maintained they will fall in slowly. All holders of Seven-Thirty notes will convert at maturity into Five-Twenty bonds, which command a premium of 11 @ 13 per cent. But the original series of Five-Twenty bonds matures next year, and should Government conclude to redeem them in legal tenders they can easily be replaced by Five per cent. bonds, at a saving to Government, in the matter of interest, of nearly $6,000,000 a year. The present large premium on the Five-Twenty bonds and Seven-Thirty notes is no advantage to Government, and is a clear gain to the holders.

The debt certificates are now out of the way, and of the deposit certificates none remain but the Four per cent. Clearing House notes, which will doubtless be paid off at an early day. When they are disposed of the coast will be clear for a reduction of the legal-tender notes. First in order the compound legal-tenders, as they mature, will be paid off and canceled; and next will come the plain legal-tenders. Interference with these notes has been vehemently opposed by such partisans of paper-money as JOHN SHERMAN, THADDEUS STEVENS, MR. BOUTWELL of Massachusetts, and others; but it can hardly be pretended that it was the intention of the framers of the National Banking system to leave both the legal-tenders and the National Bank notes in circulation together, or to keep the country forever flooded with over $800,000,000 of irredeemable paper. Half that amount would be double the volume of paper-money afloat before the war, and though, by reason of the withdrawal of specie from circulation, a larger amount of currency is now required for the transaction of business than formerly sufficed, yet still there is room for a curtailment of two or three hundred millions without risk of precipitating a crisis. And as gold would fall surely but steadily with each contraction of the currency, it might be that before $300,000,000 of legal-tenders were canceled the premium would fall to zero, and thus the circulating medium of the country would be swelled by the hoards of gold and silver in and out of the Banks.

Government held on 10th September about $63,000,000 of gold, exclusive of temporary deposits represented by gold certificates. It is assumed that before 1st January next the reserve proper, belonging to the Government, will not fall far short of $100,000,000. How much gold ought the Treasury to hold in order to resume specie payments?

In this country, and more especially in this city, it is a maxim in banking that when a bank holds an amount of legal tenders (or coin, in specie times) equal to 25 per cent. of its deposits of debts payable on call, it is in a safe position. In Europe banks like to be prepared to pay off 33 per cent. of their immediate liabilities on demand. But no bank any where calculates to hold more coin (or legal tenders) than this. In practice, much less suffices. Before 1857 our banks used often to let their reserve run down to 12 @ 15 per cent. of their deposits; yet never, till the panic of that year, was there any question of their suspension.

In January, 1867, the immediate liabilities of the United States Government will be less than $400,000,000—exclusive of interest-bearing legal tenders, which, in the event of a resumption of specie payments, could only be collected by sacrificing the accrued interest. If, therefore, the Treasury should on that day hold $100,000,000 in coin, it would be justified, according to the ordinary principles of banking, in announcing its intention of redeeming its legal tender currency in specie. It could not do so, of course, if all the legal tenders were likely to be presented for redemption. But the experience of bankers is, that people seldom want to redeem their notes in coin when they can do so on presentation; they only want coin when they know they can not get it.

A further difficulty, however, would arise from the institution known as the Gold-Room. This "Room" contains a gathering of wealthy speculators, controlling very large amounts of money. If the Government proposed to resume specie payments on a specie reserve equal to 25 per cent. of its liabilities, it would be possible for the heavy speculators of the Room to band themselves together—as they have heretofore done—and by creating a run upon the Treasury for coin to defeat or at least imperil the object in view. But again this difficulty might be met by the establishment of a European agency of the Treasury Department with power to sell United States Bonds or telegraphic orders from Washington, proceeds to be remitted in coin. The operation would then simply constitute an exchange of legal tenders for bonds, or, in plain phrase, a funding of the floating debt. It would work its own solution very rapidly. For instance: on 25th December the Secretary announces that, on New-Year's day, he will resume specie payments. The Gold-Room, knowing to a dollar how much coin the Treasury holds, makes arrangements to take it all. To do so it requires nearly all the floating greenbacks at the financial centres. The mere inquiry for so much currency creates a very active money-market. Still, at a price, the money can be had. Negotiations are no sooner made than the Secretary is apprised of them. He telegraphs to London and Frankfort to raise $10,000,000 a week by the sale of United States Bonds and to remit proceeds in specie, and on the telegraphic advice of sales, he sells the gold here, seller ten or fifteen. The Gold-Room must buy this coin or fail in its purpose. If it takes it, it merely adds to the load it carries, with no market to sell on and no prospect of a market. Every day it has to pay more for the greenbacks required. If it fails to take it, gold falls naturally to par; and the people who have withdrawn coin from the Treasury replace it as a matter of convenience.

We have mentioned the 1st January as a mere peg on which to hang the argument, but without expecting resumption to come quite so soon. For the sake of the National banks, which will have to put their houses in order before resumption occurs, the Secretary will not be likely to act precipitately. But twelve months are not likely to elapse without some very direct steps being taken toward a rehabilitation of the national currency. Events abroad as well as at home are calculated to insure this. Our bonds rise steadily, with occasional reactions, in the European markets, and will probably sell in London between 80 and 90—equal to par in gold here—within a year. At home they are quite scarce, even at a premium of 11 to 12 per cent. Our trade, domestic and foreign, is sound, and promises to yield a fair profit. Under the circumstances a premium of 45 or 47 on gold would seem not less absurd and unjustifiable than the premium of 100 per cent. seemed when LEE surrendered and the rebellion collapsed.

## MR. BEECHER'S LETTER.

As the letter of MR. BEECHER will probably be published as a campaign document by the Democratic party it may still be considered not an untimely topic. Indeed, its vigor and earnestness, and its general truths, which if not new are picturesquely stated, will make it timely as long as the question remains unsettled. Yet we must say frankly that, as a campaign document, it will persuade only those who do not understand the question. For it does not seem to us to touch the question. To be asked whether it is convincing is like being asked after a feast of water-melon, how the peaches taste. We have not tasted them. Here is a really powerful letter full of excellent and indisputable truths, but they lack completeness and appropriateness. The general considerations presented by MR. BEECHER are admirable. Their appositeness to the particular situation does not appear.

That our theory contemplates States in the Union is undeniable. That our machinery works awkwardly except when adjusted to the normal conditions is not to be disputed. But it certainly does not follow that if we should suddenly become possessed of Mexico it should at once, without prudence, or inquiry, or deliberation, or security, be admitted as a State. The genius of our Government is just as averse to war, and especially to civil war, as it possibly can be to retaining States in an abnormal relation. But it was equal to the one solely by reason of the general intelligence and character of the people; and for the same reasons it will be equal to the other. The danger of familiarizing the popular conscience with injustice is at present much greater than that of familiarizing it with despotism.

Then as regards parties, MR. BEECHER is full of scorn at the idea that the South should be able to govern the North; or if it can, he cries, indignantly, that it ought to. But it is not a question of sections. What are the North and South but ideas? The Democratic party is the organized South, or the party which declares the inequality of human rights. The Union party asserts equality of rights. The contest is between those two. Very well, says MR. BEECHER, if the idea of the South is numerically stronger it ought to prevail, until we can overthrow it by free speech, schools, and churches. Possibly; but how can you determine numerical preponderance if you allow those at the South who deny equal rights to speak not only for themselves but for their opponents, who are not suffered to speak at all? In a tremendous struggle to plant the Government upon its true principle of equal rights, is there any sound reason why the enemies of that principle should be allowed an unfair advantage in voting merely because they have not succeeded in destroying the Government altogether?

MR. BEECHER declares what no sensible man denies, that we must trust much to the great laws of human nature and civilization, and not attempt to do by enactment what can only be done by time and various spiritual influences. This is a very favorite assertion also with our friend the *Evening Post*. But it seems to be forgotten by both that political changes wrought by war or otherwise require political guarantees. It is true that civilization is a growth. It is true that all races in this country must take their chance. The freedmen must do it. They must not be classified. But who is trying to classify them? the States which make them by law a distinct class, or Congress, which declares them equal citizens with the rest of us? "They must take their chance," says MR. BEECHER. Very well, are they not entitled to as fair a chance as the rest of us? and, according to all experience of human nature, will they have that fair chance if their neighbors are to be rewarded by increased political power for an attempt to deprive them of all chances whatever? Is nothing humane or statesmanlike but to dis-

regard facts and proceed upon a pleasing theory? "The freedmen will never be well treated until the South is prosperous," says Mr. BEECHER. Shall we therefore say, in order that the South may be prosperous, she may do what she chooses with the freedmen?

The situation is obscure. There may be, as Mr. BEECHER suggests, vast perils at hand. But in a dark night we must use what light we have. It is not the part of wisdom to fall into a pit that we see, because there may possibly be a deeper one a few steps ahead. Let us restore the Union at the very earliest moment which is consistent with a reasonable promise of justice and safety. But do not let us abandon a reasonable promise of justice and safety in order to restore the Union, for we should discover that we had lost a substance for a shadow. Two years ago the men who, as a party, are now shouting for restoration anyhow, and rights and honor and justice and reason afterward, told us at Chicago that the war was a failure, that the South was inflexible, and that we ought to surrender, and then see what we could do. But the people were of another opinion, and the South yielded. The same moral unanimity among us to-day will work the same miracle.

## JUDGE ADVOCATE GEN. HOLT.

THERE is an attempt, properly described as atrocious, to make it appear that Judge Advocate General HOLT was in league with base men to injure JEFFERSON DAVIS by evidence which he knew to be false. So foul a charge upon so fair a fame as General HOLT'S would not be worth attention except for a combined effort now plainly making to poison the public mind. With perfect propriety, therefore, General HOLT has himself called attention to an article in the Washington *Chronicle* of the 3d of September as a truthful and complete vindication.

The few facts are, that a person called SANFORD CONOVER was brought to the notice of the Government as a competent witness in the trial of the assassination conspirators. His testimony was such that, when he offered to furnish General HOLT with important evidence of the complicity of DAVIS and CLAY in the great crime, General HOLT could not with fidelity to his duty disregard the opportunity. Upon conference with the Secretary of War, therefore, CONOVER was engaged to collect the testimony of which he claimed to have knowledge. For some months he was in various parts of the country with this object and corresponding with General HOLT.

This testimony the General wished, of course, to try by every possible test. When the Committee of the House was appointed he stated to it all the circumstances of the case, and laid before it all the correspondence; and he urged that such witnesses as were accessible should be examined by the Committee. He was authorized to summon some of them, and sent an officer to New York for that purpose. This officer saw one of the chief witnesses, and he declared that his previous deposition was false, and made at the dictation of CONOVER. He affirmed that this was also true of other witnesses. This witness was brought to Washington and confronted with CONOVER. The witness still persisted that his deposition was wholly the fabrication of CONOVER, who denied it, and went in charge of the officer of the Committee to New York to summon the other witnesses, but escaping from the officer CONOVER has not since appeared, although the letters to various papers in the country aspersing General HOLT are evidently written with his connivance.

General HOLT immediately advised that the depositions of all CONOVER'S witnesses should be withdrawn from the evidence before the Committee. This was done, and the Committee gave them no consideration whatever; but upon the unimpeached testimony in their possession the Committee, in their Report, declared that there is probable reason to believe that DAVIS was privy to the measures which led to the commission of the crime.

So plain a statement of the truth confounds calumny. But General HOLT'S fidelity was shown so early in the war, and has been so lofty and persistent, that the friends of the rebels could not spare him, and they have not ceased to follow him with their envenomed slanders. From the moment he raised his voice against the rebellion until now it has given no uncertain sound. President LINCOLN had no truer friend or more frequent counselor than General HOLT, and it does not harm him with good citizens that those who called LINCOLN an ape denounce his friend as a false witness. His character is his sufficient panoply.

## THE LAST PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION.

THE Convention of loyal Southern Unionists at Philadelphia was the most memorable political event of many years. The RANDALL Convention was substantially a repetition of the old Democratic assemblies in which the Southern delegates appeared to announce the policy of the party. So under the auspices of Mr. DOOLITTLE and MONTGOMERY BLAIR the Democrats met, with some recruits from the Union ranks, and laid down as their platform for the campaign the continuing right of States to enjoy all their privileges in the Union at the same time they are trying to destroy it, as expounded by Mr. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, ex-Vice-President of the ex-Confederacy.

But the Convention of original Union men did not get their instructions from the late insurgents. They were men taught by tremendous experience that inequality of rights before the law leads to bloodshed and universal ruin. They had learned that justice is the only rock of safety in the storms of states, and therefore, instead of endeavoring to discover how much of the old spirit of slavery they can preserve, they tried to find a common ground upon which they could stand with loyal men in the North in order to secure by the wisest means that equal guarantee of liberty in all the States which is essential to the common peace.

The resolutions adopted are virtually those of the Syracuse Union Convention, and thus the Union party is formally nationalized. Both Conventions declare their faith in the equality of political rights, and neither insist that Congress shall require impartial suffrage as a condition of the restoration of any lately rebel State. The reason of this action undoubtedly is, that that result can better be reached in the way proposed with less conflict of prejudice of every kind, and therefore more speedily and wisely. Equality of rights being clearly defined as the condition of national permanence and peace, the method of obtaining its lawful guarantees is solely a question of expediency.

It was remarkable that the demand for impartial suffrage as a condition of restoration came from the Gulf States. As a revelation of the actual condition of those States this is a valuable fact. Nothing but a profound conviction of the utter hostility of the late rebel population to their loyal neighbors would induce the latter to risk their own safety in the immediate enfranchisement of those whom they have been accustomed to regard as less than men. It may well induce the people of this part of the country to reflect whether the political power of a population so inflamed should be increased by the whole representation to which the disfranchised people are entitled.

The popular welcome which Philadelphia gave to the delegates was a significant contrast to that which greeted the Convention of Mr. DOOLITTLE, or the President's party. The enthusiasm showed how strong a hold at the popular heart the question of a fair restoration has. For a week the city blazed and rang with the signs and sounds of welcome. Every delegate said all that he thought, and just as he thought it. The great body of Northern representatives looked and listened. They were truly representatives of the true North, which asks simply equal rights of all the States in Congress, and reasonable security for the national peace. And for the first time since the Continental Congress of 1776 a National Convention—for such the combined delegates really were—declared their faith again that all men are created equal and enjoy inalienable rights.

## NEW YORK CONVENTION OF SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

GENERAL BARLOW, Secretary of State; General HOWLAND, State Treasurer; General MARTINDALE, Attorney-General; General BARNUM, Inspector of State Prisons; General JONES, Clerk of the Court of Appeals, and General IRVINE, Adjutant-General, have issued the following call:

"COMRADES!—We invite you to assemble in Mass Convention, on the 20th day of September inst., at the hour of 12 o'clock M., in the City of Syracuse.

"We desire to concentrate our efforts to keep in power that Union Party, which, under the leadership of the late lamented President, promulgated the Emancipation Proclamation; which supported the gallant and lamented WADSWORTH for Governor while we were absent in the field; which demands from the South entire submission and loyalty to the Union, the amended Constitution, and the laws enacted by Congress; and which are apt and appropriate to render effectual the defense of the Freedmen in the equal protection of their persons, property, and rights; the Party, which in the hour of peril was the Party of the War, and which we are not willing to see absorbed in the Anti-War Party under the pressure of Presidential policy and dictation."

This assembly will be an imposing and effective aid to the great National Convention of soldiers and sailors at Pittsburg on the 25th of September; and we hope the soldiers of the State will even at some personal sacrifice be sure to attend.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### THE ELECTIONS IN VERMONT AND MAINE.

AN election was held in Vermont on September 4, for Governor, three members of Congress, members of Legislature, and two Senators to take the place of Collamer and Foot in the United States Senate. The Republican ticket was triumphant by a largely increased majority. Governor Dillingham has been re-elected.

In Maine, on the 10th, a similar result was obtained. Governor Chamberlain was re-elected by an increased majority as compared with the previous election, and the five Congressional districts were all secured for Republican members. Four members are re-elected.

These are the only elections taking place in September. The elections in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Iowa take place October 9.

### THE SYRACUSE CONVENTION.

The New York Republican Convention met at Syracuse September 5, at Wieting Hall. General Van Wyck was chosen temporary Chairman. The General made a lengthy and elaborate speech. He referred to the Republican Convention of 1861, of which he had been President. "We were pleading then," he said, "that this great trust bequeathed by our fathers should not without a struggle be surrendered to the demands of rebels, as we are this day pleading that the results of the victory over treason shall not be abandoned—that we shall not publicly proclaim that the blood of three hundred thousand patriots has been shed in vain. The nation responded then, and with bayonet and bullet went forth and conquered. With the same zeal, and trusting in the same God, it will respond now and go forth with the ballot and again be victorious." He referred to the glorious national victories won on many battle-fields. These victories it was our duty now to secure by Constitutional amendments before restoring the South to her former rights. He reviewed the President's action; he referred to the exactions made from the South by Johnson. Yet when Congress exacted more its members were branded as usurpers and traitors. He charged the President with usurpation. He thought we could not rely upon the professions of the South. We must secure our positions by Constitutional amendments. He expressed his disapprobation of the President's policy in regard to the Fenians.

Hon. Lyman Tremain was elected President of the Convention, and committees were appointed.

The following telegram was read, being frequently interrupted by applause:

"CONTINENTAL HOTEL, PHILADELPHIA.

"*The New York State Delegation at Philadelphia, to New York State Convention at Syracuse, greeting:*

"We have met our brethren from the South and grasped them with the hand of fellowship. They are loyal to the Union and to the great party that saved the Union. They seek a readmission of the Southern States to representation on the simplest condition compatible with the safety to the lives, property, and political rights of the loyal people of these States. They declare that the policy of the President has been proved in their own persons to be unjust, cruel, and intolerable. They look to a loyal Congress for that protection which a recreant President, once a Southern loyalist, has denied to Southern loyalists. Their hearts beat with a noble sympathy for universal liberty and the equal, civil, and political rights of all American citizens.

"HIRAM WALBRIDGE, Chairman."

The President also read a telegram from J. D. Defrees, informing the Convention that the National Republican Committee had promptly cast out that very unworthy member, Henry J. Raymond, and put in his place one whom "danger will never deter, nor threats appall."

Mr. Ballard moved that the proceedings of the National Committee be now formally ratified by this Convention. Carried without dissent.

The following is the telegram, under the instruction of this Convention, to the Philadelphia State Convention:

"By resolution of the Republican Union State Convention of the State of New York, now in session at Syracuse, I am directed to send greetings to the loyal men of the South now in convention at Philadelphia, and to assure them that the great heart of the people of New York beats in sympathy for them in their new and increased persecution by the substitution of the policy of Johnson for the despotism of Davis. New York was never more determined than now in the complete overthrow of the rebellion, its cause and sympathizers, come whence and from where they may. A union against dungeons in the past produces a more lively appreciation of your present trials. You faltered not in your devotion to your country when dungeons and the gallows stared you in the face, and the loyal people will never desert your cause until justice is vindicated, and the freedom bought by blood shall be permanently established by the Constitution.

"C. H. VAN WYCK,

"Temporary Chairman, Republican Union State Committee.

"To the Hon. Thomas J. Durant, Philadelphia Convention."

President Tremain on taking the Chair made a speech of the same general tenor with General Van Wyck's, to which we have referred.

Reuben E. Fenton was renominated for Governor, and Stewart L. Woodford for Lieutenant-Governor.

The following platform of resolutions were reported by the Committee on Resolutions—George W. Curtis, Chairman—and unanimously adopted:

*Resolved*, That by the grace of God, and the valor and intelligence of the people, the Constitution has been maintained as the supreme law of the land, and that every political, social, and industrial interest of the country, as well as the most earnest desire of every generous and patriotic heart, imperatively demand the speediest restoration of the Union which is consistent with constitutional justice and national safety.

*Resolved*, That the Union of the United States is perpetual, and that no power exists either in the Federal Government or in the several States rightly to dissolve or destroy it. No State can rightfully secede from the Union or withdraw or withhold its representative to Congress with intent to prejudice the Government, nor can the jurisdiction of the General Government over a State and its inhabitants, or its rightful authority to execute its laws therein to any extent be lost or impaired by rebellion and law, or other unlawful conduct of a State, or by treason of its people. But while the constitutional authority of the Federal Government can in nowise be impaired by the acts of the State or its people, a State may by rebellion and war on its part, or treason on the part of its inhabitants, or by the abrogation of its loyal State Government, and the creation and maintenance of one alien and hostile in its form, so far in fact rupture its relations to the Union as to suspend its power to exercise the right and privileges which it possessed under the Constitution. That against such rebelling State the Federal Government may wage war for its subjection, using for that purpose all the powers of the laws of war as recognized by the laws of Nations; and when that end is accomplished it belongs to the legislative power of the Government to determine at what time the State by the establishment of a government Republican in form under the Constitution and the complete abandonment of its rebellion and the return to loyalty of its inhabitants may safely resume the exercise of its rights and privileges under the Constitution which have been inert and suspended by its own wrong, and the doctrine that such State has kept perfect and unimpaired all its rights and privileges while in rebellion and war, to be used at its option, and is itself to judge when it is in proper condition to resume their enjoyment, is false and pernicious, and the other doctrine, that the President is alone sole judge of the period when such suspension shall be at an end and the State permitted to resume its power in the Union, is equally unsound.

*Resolved*, That the pending amendment to the Constitution, proposed by Congress, which defines citizenship in the United States and the civil rights of citizens, which equalizes national representation among the several States, which disables from national or local office—at the pleasure of the people represented in Congress—those who having taken an oath to support the Constitution of the United States, shall have engaged in rebellion against the same, and which declares the validity of the public debt of the United States, and invalidates every debt incurred by any attempt to overthrow the Union, is essential to engraft upon the organic law the legitimate results of the war, commends itself by its justice, humanity, and moderation to every patriotic heart, and that when any of the late insurgent States shall adopt that amendment such State should at once, by its loyal Representatives, be permitted to resume its place in Congress.

*Resolved*, That in pursuance of these principles the late insurgent States were required by the President, subject to the approval of Congress, to accede to certain conditions including the ratification of the Constitutional amendment of emancipation, which works a change in the Constitutional basis of representation prejudicial to the equality of the States in Congress. That the continued absence of ten of the late insurgent States in Congress is due solely to their refusal to recognize this change, and that their claim to enter Congress before that change is acknowledged, is a demand that a bloody attempt to dissolve the Union shall be rewarded with increased representation of political power.

*Resolved*, That inequalities of guarantees of person and political liberties are dangerous to the peace of States and the welfare of freemen, and that we shall sincerely rejoice if the adoption of the Constitutional Amendment shall tend to that equalization of all political rights among citizens of the Union upon which the future peace, prosperity, and power of the United States must depend.

*Resolved*, That the President of the United States, in denouncing as unconstitutionally incompetent the Congress whose lawful authority he has officially recognized, convicts himself of usurpation of power, and that the tragical massacre of faithful citizens in Memphis and New Orleans should admonish him that his policy encourages a spirit fatal to national tranquillity, and which indefinitely delays the restoration of the Union.

*Resolved*, That Reuben E. Fenton, by his able, faithful, and vigilant discharge of his duties of Governor, has deserved and secured the confidence and gratitude of the people of our State, and we present him as a candidate for re-election in the assured trust that his nomination will be ratified by an increased and commanding majority.

*Resolved*, That we recognize in the other candidates on our ticket men who have proved in the field and elsewhere the patriotic fidelity and conspicuous capacity which commend them to the hearty support of the people of New York.

*Resolved*, That alike as to our own and other lands we take our stand on the glorious platform which prefaces and justified our fathers' Declaration of Independence; wherein liberty is commended not as the prerogative of a superior race or caste, but as the natural birthright of all men inalienable save by crime. We rejoice to witness the progress which other nations are making in the practical recognition of this inestimable truth, and we confidently trust that the day is not distant when throughout the civilized world there shall no more be found a despot, a vassal, or a slave.

*Resolved*, That we cherish in grateful and eternal remembrance the brave soldiers and sailors who, through four years of fire and blood, bore the banner of the Union to glorious victory, and that we hold in undying honor the brave men of every race in the insurgent race, who, during the late war, and under the most ferocious persecution, heroically maintained their faith in the Union, and succored its imprisoned soldiers; and that we pledge to them, to every citizen every where in the land who is now sincerely faithful to the Union, our unswerving sympathy and support, praying them to close up the mighty line, and hand in hand and heart in heart to move on to assured triumph that, in the words of our beloved and immortal leader, Abraham Lincoln, who, though dead, yet speaketh, "The Government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

### CONDITION OF THE TREASURY.

The receipts of gold into the Treasury continue to be very heavy, and notwithstanding the disbursement of over five millions since the statement of September 1, four and a half of which was for interest on the Ten-Forty bonds, the amount now held exceeds that on hand at that time, reaching nearly $80,000,000; of this amount $63,000,000 actually belong to the Government, the balance being represented by gold certificates.

The total receipts from customs, internal revenue, etc., are larger than at any previous time, and notwithstanding the rapid reduction of the national debt, the balances in favor of the Government are again rapidly accumulating at all points.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

### BY TELEGRAPH.

*September 3:*

(VIENNA.)—Affairs in Saxony reassume a warlike aspect. The Saxon troops have been withdrawn from the Hungarian frontier, and the army is being provisioned. The treaty of peace with Prussia binds Austria not to interfere.

*September 4:*

(BERLIN.)—The armistice between Saxony and Prussia has expired by limitation. Peace is yet unsettled between the two countries, and hostilities, it is thought, may possibly occur.

The Prussian Chamber of Deputies has passed the Government Indemnity Bill by a large majority.

A treaty of peace between Prussia and Hesse-Darmstadt was concluded yesterday.

It is said that King William, of Prussia, will visit Holstein.

*September 5:*

(BERLIN.)—Darmstadt has complied with the demands of Prussia, and will pay the latter three millions of florins, besides ceding to Prussia some of her territory.

Prussia is treating for the purchase of the iron-clad *Dunderberg*.

Since the expiration of the armistice between Prussia and Saxony the Plenipotentiaries of the two Governments have met, and peace negotiations have been formally opened by the representative of Saxony.

*September 6:*

(BERLIN.)—It is said that the King of Saxony will be deposed in case he refuses to accept Count Bismarck's terms, and that he will be succeeded on the throne by a member of the Coburg branch of his family.

(FLORENCE.)—The cholera is making sad ravages in Italy.

*September 7:*

(BERLIN).—The Prussian Chamber of Deputies has passed the bill for the annexation of Hanover, Hesse, Nassau, and the city of Frankfort. A bill for the annexation of Schleswig and Holstein has been sent in by Count Bismarck.

*September 8:*

(LONDON.)—Right Honorable W. E. Gladstone, in a speech delivered at Salisbury last evening, urged upon the Liberals to support any good Reform bill which should be brought forward in Parliament by the Derby Administration.

(HEART'S CONTENT.)—Since Sunday morning uninterrupted success has followed the *Great Eastern*, and she laid the shore end of the cable of 1865 on Saturday evening at 4 o'clock, under a salute from the ships of war in the harbor and tremendous cheers from a large crowd of enthusiastic spectators assembled from all parts to witness this second triumph of ocean telegraphy, even greater than that of July 27.

The electrical condition of this cable is most perfect, and messages are now being sent and received over it.

*September 10:*

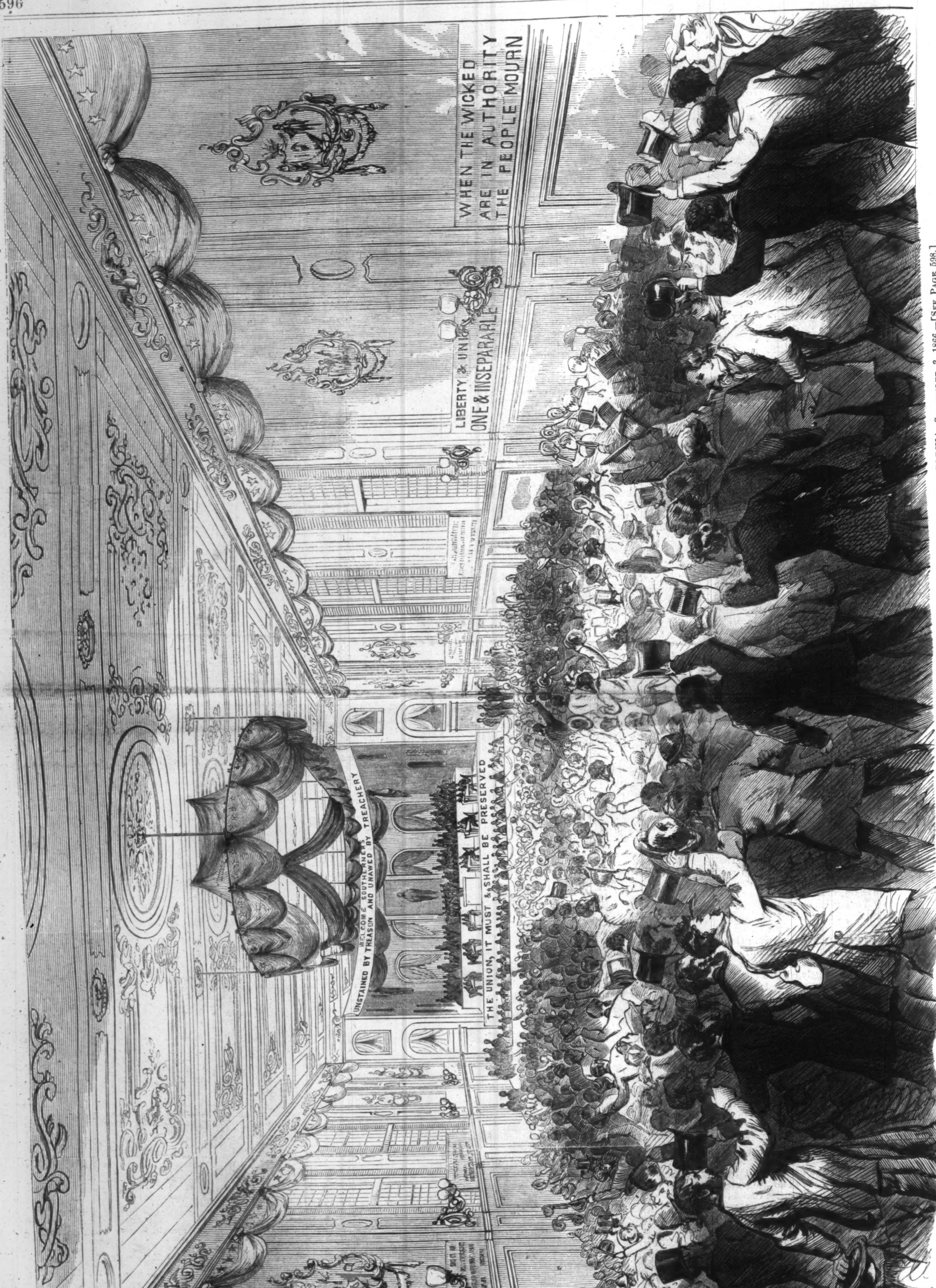
(LONDON.)—It is said the cable tolls are soon to be reduced one-half.

(BERLIN.)—The Upper House of the Prussian Diet has passed the bill to indemnify the King for acting without the assent of the Diet in the matter of the budget and army supplies previous to the war with Austria. The bill passed unanimously.

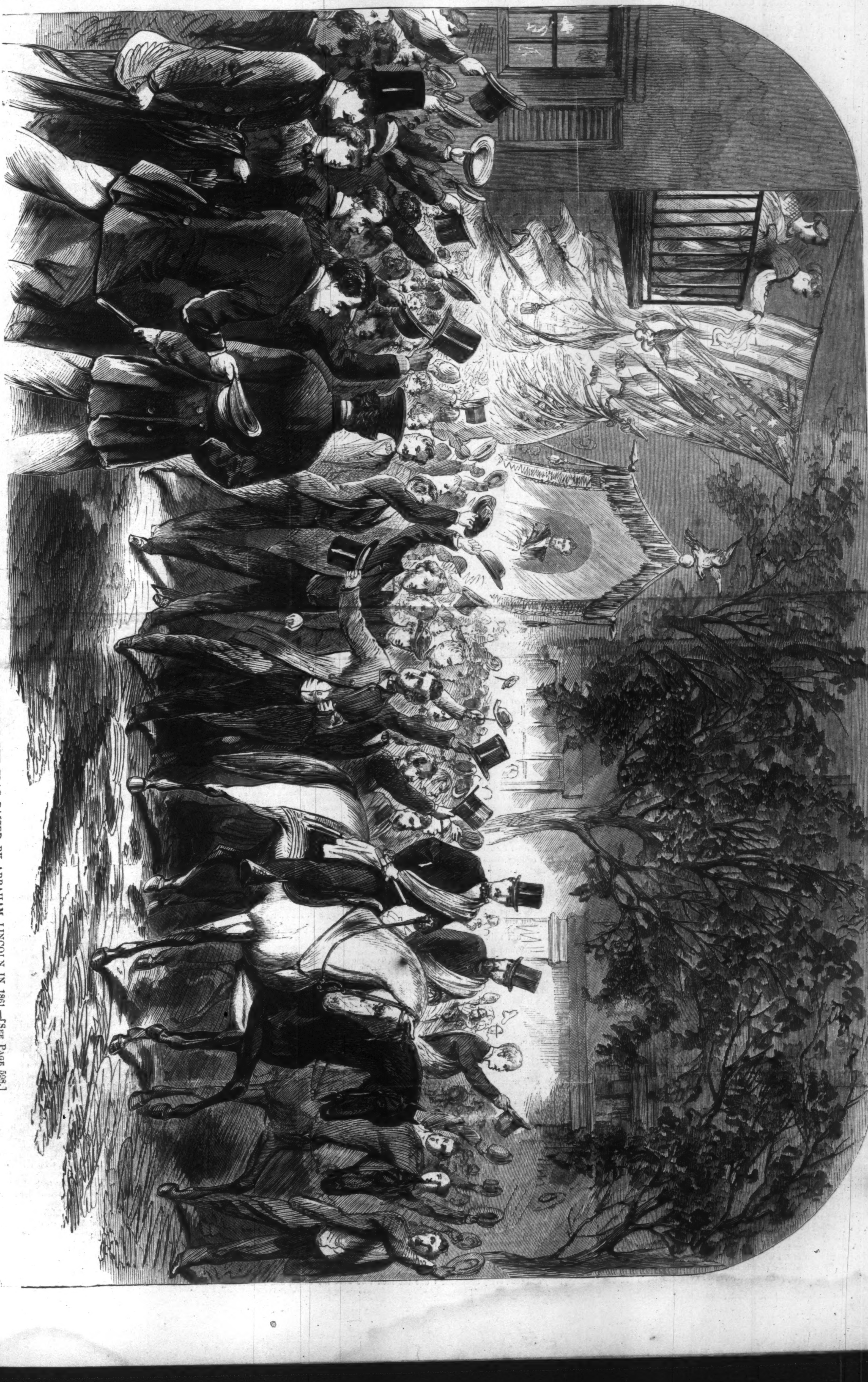
The number of troops in the Duchies have been ordered to be immediately reduced to a peace footing.

(ATHENS.)—The Cretans have rejected the terms offered them by the Turkish Government, and continue their revolt.

The Epirots (inhabitants of Epirus) also claim their freedom from Turkey, and have abandoned their habitations and taken to the hills.




SCENE UPON THE ASSEMBLING OF THE SOUTHERN LOYALISTS' CONVENTION AT THE "NATIONAL HALL" IN PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 3, 1866.—[SEE PAGE 598.]



THE UNION LEAGUE PROCESSION PASSING INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA, AND CHEERING THE FLAG RAISED BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN 1861.—[SEE PAGE 598.]

## THE LOYALIST CONVENTION.

It is the day of popular Conventions. Setting aside the State Conventions which usually recur at this season, there will have been held before the close of this month, and following fast upon each other's heels, three general Conventions, called together by the pressing questions which are to be, in a great measure, decided by the Fall elections. The National Union party held its Convention at Philadelphia in the middle of August, and it had scarcely left the Quaker City before the loyalists from the Southern States entered it to hold their Convention. On the 17th instant the Soldiers' and Sailors' Convention will be held at Cleveland. So absorbing is the popular interest in the great national question of the day, that even in our State Conventions local interests seem to have been entirely forgotten. And in addition to the meeting of Conventions there is the President's grand political tour through the several States; and the people with intense interest are following their Chief Magistrate, weighing carefully his every word and thought, some on both sides glorying in his mistakes, while others either seek to hide their blushes of shame, or indignantly speak out their rebuke.

It is well that our people are thus alive to the present emergency; and it is well that the problem of restoration is thus being brought before them in all its manifold phases. The Conventions of the period are an expression of something more than the members that compose them; they represent most faithfully both the *principles* and the *temper* of the parties for which they speak. And the President, too, is demonstrating to the people *his* policy and *his* temper, neither of which the people will forget. The American people never forget any thing.

But our present business is with the Southern Loyalists' Convention, which met on September 3 in Philadelphia, and to the illustration of which we have devoted several pages of this Number of our paper.

What is the composition of this Convention? whom does it represent? and what is the policy which it advocates? These are the questions which we purpose to answer.

### THE CONVENTION.

The Convention was made up of *Southern* men, almost entirely of men from the eleven States lately in rebellion—of men who were faithful to the Union when all others in their several States were faithless, and who suffered ever-instant and long-continued perils for their fidelity—of men who are now bitterly hated, proscribed, and sometimes murdered, for no other reason than that they have been always Unionists, by those who still glory in the shame of their treason, even while they profess repentance, and claim the nation's pardon, and insist upon the restoration of their ancient privileges. The men of the Convention were such as Governor BROWNLOW of Tennessee, ex-Governors HAMILTON and PEASE of Texas, the Hon. THOMAS DURANT of Louisiana, and JOHN MINOR BOTTS of Virginia. If they speak bitterly and strongly of those who rebelled, it must be remembered that they have had a nearer and more intimate knowledge of the real spirit and meaning of rebellion than we of the North, or even our loyal soldiers have had.

They represent very many who have been at the same time Southern loyalists and Union soldiers. And *all* whom they represent have been faithful to the National flag, excepting only those who were as loyal in sentiment as ABRAHAM LINCOLN, but who, by a very common frailty of our nature, being forced to choose between death and the sacrifice of sentiment, accepted the latter, and thousands of whom found death also, and now fill rebel soldiers' graves. They represent those stanch Unionists of the South who are not willing that the Freedmen should be forgotten, and who insist upon the equality of all men before the law, irrespective of color, and look forward to the time when a large portion of the colored race shall participate in the duties and privileges of the Government of which they are citizens.

### THE WELCOME.

The members of the Convention, upon their arrival in Philadelphia, received an enthusiastic welcome from the Union League Club, the citizens, and the delegates from the North who had come on to meet them. On behalf of all these CHARLES GIBBONS, Esq., Chairman of the Committee of Reception, made a brief but eloquent address to the Convention. There was, he said, no loyal blood on their hands, and their souls were free from the guilt of treason. They had held fast to their integrity, although their homes had been desolated, their pleasant places laid waste, and themselves and their wives and children driven into exile. The sympathy which the men of the North felt for them at that time was flashed from a million Northern bayonets, and pronounced by the mouths of Northern cannon. He proclaimed it as the honest sentiment of the North, that when the South returned to her duty she must come in new robes, with new covenants for liberty, equality, and justice, led by her own loyal Unionists, who are free from the guilt of treason. What hope had they in the future, or what security had they, if unpunished and impenitent traitors were to be reinstated in power by the arbitrary and besotted will of one man under a Constitution they had deliberately forsworn? The answer was already written in the blood of the murdered loyalists of New Orleans. They, the men of the South, were here on the high and solemn mission of re-establishing the American Union on the broad and sure foundation of equal and exact justice to all men. It could stand upon no other. They could not be so unmindful of all the lessons of the past as to be led by vagrant politicians into another compromise with crime, instead of lifting up from degradation those who had been its victims.

On the part of the Convention Governor HAMILTON responded to the greeting. He said the spirit which animated the rebellion was as rampant to-day as on the day when the rebels first drew the sword. The proscription of all who aided the Government was as rampant and incorrigible at the South, as defiant, as denunciatory, as vindictive, and as cruel as it was at any period during the rebellion. Seeing this, and realizing that so far from being remitted to their homes, they were remitted to the same element which has sought their destruction and the destruction of the Government, some of them who happened to be at the national capital deemed the time propitious to call on the Unionists of the South to send delegates to meet and consult together as to their own condition and that of the country. They believed that they saw not only danger to themselves, but a cloud, though no bigger than a man's hand, on the verge of the horizon, which might ultimately spread over the entire country. This Convention had been called because they realized the fact that no practical principle of administration had been settled by the late contest. They had hoped that henceforward this Government would be such a Government as the fathers had intended it to be—one giving freedom to every human being within its limits by placing on a sure foundation the rights of every citizen. But they found that they were only to be remitted to the tender mercies of States, which might, at their will and discretion, strike down the dearest human rights, while no protecting power was to be found in the Government. They therefore deemed the time auspicious to bring back the people to the primitive ideas of republican liberty, to organize a party, or rather to improve the organization of a party devoted to republican liberty, and to bring it back to the simple platform of the constitutional rights of every citizen. That was why the Convention was called. They wished the assistance and counsel of all their brethren everywhere throughout the United States. They asked the loyal delegations that came here from the loyal States to give them the hand of welcome, to help them to renew their faith to the Government in a purer spirit than before, and to prove to all Presidents, Cabinets, and Councils, North and South, who were loyal to the Government, that they would be satisfied with nothing less than actual security or individual equality under the Constitution to all men.

### A RELIC OF SECESSION.

CHARLES GIBBONS, Chairman of the Reception Committee, then came forward with a small gavel in his hand, and said:

"I hold in my hand the identical gavel used in Charleston, South Carolina, when the Convention assembled there in 1860 for the dissolution of the American Union. This is the gavel that called together that Convention which declared the American Union dissolved. Sir" (turning to Governor HAMILTON), "I have the pleasure of tendering it to you for the purpose of calling together that loyal Convention which is to lay the foundations for the establishment of that Union."

Governor HAMILTON accepted the gift, and then the presentation ceremonies were declared ended.

The gavel bears the following inscription: "This mallet was used by the first Convention of Southern Independence, at the Charleston Theatre, in 1860, by old BYARD, of Delaware. E. P. CUYLER, of Charleston, S. C."

### THE "NATIONAL HALL."

The procession, after much confusion, was re-marshaled, and took up its line of march, with music playing, banners waving, and the bells of the fire-engines ringing, to National Hall.

This large and commodious hall, located on Market Street, near Twelfth, was beautifully decorated for the occasion. At the rear of the large platform, where seats were arranged for the speakers and desks for the reporters, was a large, life-like portrait of President LINCOLN, the frame of the picture being neatly draped in mourning. Over this was a large canvas scroll bearing the words, "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity." Beneath the picture were the lines:

"Pure was thy life; its bloody close
Has placed thee with the sons of light—
Among the noble hosts of those
Who perished in the cause of right."

At the front of the stage was another scroll, pendent from the ceiling and reaching across the hall, on which was inscribed:

"Welcome to Southerners,
Unstained by Rebellion, unawed by Treachery."

From the centre of the ceiling there depended two large American flags, which drooped in graceful folds, the ends being caught upon the circular gas fixtures by means of which the hall is lighted. Flags were also festooned against the walls for the whole circuit of the rooms, forming a very handsome border for the paneling on the walls.

### WHAT THE CONVENTION DID.

About 250 delegates were assembled in the hall. The Northern delegation met separately. Mr. DURANT was chosen temporary Chairman. Then followed the usual details of organization. In the Northern Convention, held at the same time at the Union League Club-house, a motion was made, and supported by Generals BUTLER and BURNSIDE, that the Northern delegates should appoint a committee to confer with the one appointed by the Southern delegates as to the drafting of resolutions. The motion was lost.

Upon the reassembling of the Convention on the 4th Texas reported 15 delegates, Louisiana 18, Tennessee 81, Virginia 61, West Virginia 51, Georgia 8, Alabama 4, Kentucky 13, Mississippi 3, Missouri 30, Arkansas 21, North Carolina 7, Maryland 60, Delaware 6, Florida 7, District of Columbia 27. Total 392.

JAMES SPEED, of Kentucky, was chosen President. In thanking the Convention for their choice he alluded to the Convention which had lately met in that city.

"It was here in part, he said, because a great cry came up from the white men of the South, 'My Constitutional rights, my natural rights are denied me!' A great cry came up from the black man of the South, 'My Constitutional rights and my natural rights are denied me!' This was a great complaint, a complaint founded earnestly and made sincerely on both sides and directly antagonistic, the one to the other. He said that the Republican party had gone further than the National Union party in the matter of emancipation. At the Convention held in Baltimore in 1864, which nominated Mr. LINCOLN and Mr. JOHNSON, it was announced that slavery should be extirpated, not abolished merely—extirpated, taken out of our institutions root and branch, body and soul, every lineament and every fibre of it. Mark, gentlemen, the difference between the two words: One to extirpate, not simply to cast off this or the other limb of this horrible monster, but to take out not only slavery, but all the incongruous unrighteousness and unequal consequences and incidents that resulted from slavery. What are they? In the first place, unequal representation. Does not slavery remain so long as there is a man, no matter what his color, so long as there is a man unrepresented in the Government? Does not slavery remain as long as you can, because of color, say to a man that he may not stand equal with his fellow-men in your courts of justice? All these incidents the great Republican party pledged themselves at Baltimore should be extirpated. And you, Southern men, who were at that time as it were in the prison-house of the South, when this pledge came to you, it came as the sweetest and surest note you had ever heard. Let this be done and we will be content.....Then, gentlemen, this Convention ought to say to the people of this nation, 'If you want to be secure and safe in this matter, fix it down in the Constitution where neither Congress nor any department of the Government can touch it—that emancipated slaves are never to be paid for.' Those Southern people, when they assembled to make their various Constitutions, provided in their State Constitutions that their State rebel debt is not to be paid. Every Southerner well knows with what reluctance they did that. It required the positive command of the President and all the power of the Government to exact it of them. That can be repealed by State action. They can by State action undo what they have done, and assume the payment of the debt which they have now under coercion refused. Write it down in the fundamental law of the land. Let the loyal people of this nation see that it is written down in the fundamental law of the land, that no moneys shall be paid out of the coffers of the people any where, North or South, for the effort to destroy this Government. Upon these subjects I think; but upon the subject more particularly of equal and just representation this Convention ought to speak out. Those Southern men complain that their Constitutional and natural rights are infringed. If they complain fairly, say so. If they ask more than justice, deny it. They have no right to it. If they ask that the vote and power of a white man in South Carolina shall equal the vote and power of two white men in Pennsylvania, it is an injustice, and say so. If they ask less than justice, give them full measure. If they ask more than justice, deny it. As to the disfranchisement of rebels and the enfranchisement of the black people, this subject will also come before the Convention. Upon this subject, gentlemen of the Convention, all I have to say is: Do nothing in anger; do nothing from hatred; do nothing from ill-will or for revenge; but do that which justice and right and mercy and love dictate."

Separate Committees were then appointed to draft Resolutions and to prepare an Address. A. J. HAMILTON was Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, and Hon. GEORGE W. PASCHAL of the other Committee. Mr. WARMUTH, of Louisiana, offered a resolution, which was adopted, that each delegation of the non-reconstructed States shall appoint one delegate to form a Committee to publish an address on the condition in which the reconstruction policy of ANDREW JOHNSON has placed the loyal men of the Southern States.

### RESOLUTIONS.

On the 6th the following resolutions were adopted by the Convention:

*Resolved*, That the loyal people of the South cordially unite with the loyal people of the North in thanksgiving to Almighty God, through whose will a rebellion unparalleled for its causelessness, its cruelty, and its criminality, has been overruled to the vindication of the supremacy of the Federal Constitution over every State and Territory of the Republic.

*Resolved*, That we demand now, as we have demanded at all times since the cessation of hostilities, the restoration of the States in which we live to their old relations with the Union, on the simplest and fairest conditions consistent with the protection of our lives, property, and political rights, now in jeopardy from the unquenched enmity of rebels lately in arms.

*Resolved*, That the unhappy policy of ANDREW JOHNSON, President of the United States, is, in its effects upon the loyal people of the South, unjust, oppressive, and intolerable, and, accordingly, however ardently we desire to see our respective States once more represented in the Congress of the nation, we would deplore their restoration on the inadequate conditions prescribed by the President, as tending not to abate, but only to magnify the perils and sorrows of our condition.

*Resolved*, That the welcome we have received from the loyal citizens of Philadelphia, under the roof of the time-honored Hall in which the Declaration of Independence was adopted, inspires us with an animating hope that the principles of just and equal government which were made the foundation of the Republic at its origin shall become the corner-stone of the Constitution.

*Resolved*, That with pride in the patriotism of the Congress, with gratitude for the fearless and persistent support they have given to the cause of loyalty, and their efforts to restore all the States to their former condition as States in the American Union, we will stand by the positions taken by them, and use all means consistent with a peaceful and lawful course to secure the ratifications of the amendments to the Constitution of the United States as proposed by Congress at its recent session, and regret that the Congress in its wisdom did not provide by law for the greater security of the loyal people in the States not yet admitted to representation.

*Resolved*, That the political power of the Government of the United States in the administration of public affairs, is by its Constitution confided to the popular or law-making department of the Government.

*Resolved*, That the political *status* of the States lately in rebellion to the United States Government, and the rights of the people of such States, are political questions, and are therefore clearly within the control of Congress, to the exclusion of and independent of any and every other department of the Government.

*Resolved*, That there is no right, political, legal, or constitutional, in any State to secede or withdraw from the Union, but they may by wicked and unauthorized revolutions and force sever the relations which they have sustained to the Union, and when they do, they assume the attitude of public enemies at war with the United States; they subject themselves to all the rules and principles of international law, and the laws of war applicable to belligerents according to modern usage.

*Resolved*, That we are unalterably in favor of the union of the States, and earnestly desire the legal and speedy restoration of all the States to their proper places in the Union, and the establishment in each of them of influences of patriotism and justice, by which the whole nation shall be combined to carry forward triumphantly the principles of freedom and progress, until all men of all races shall every where beneath the flag of our country have accorded to them freely all that their virtues, industry, intelligence, and energy may entitle them to attain.

*Resolved*, That the organizations in the unrepresented States assuming to be State Governments, not having been legally established, are not legitimate Governments until recognized by Congress. Adopted.

*Resolved*, That we cherish with tender hearts the memory of the virtues, patriotism, sublime faith, upright Christian life, and generous nature of the martyr President ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Adopted.

*Resolved*, That we are in favor of universal liberty the world over, and feel the deepest sympathy with the oppressed people of all countries in their struggle for freedom, and the inherent right of all men to decide and control for themselves the character of the Government under which they live.

*Resolved*, That the lasting gratitude of the nation is due the men who bore the battle, and in covering themselves with imperishable glory have saved to the world its hope of free Government, and relying on the "invincible soldiers and sailors" who made the grand army and navy of the Republic to be true to the principles for which they fought, we pledge them that we will stand by them in maintaining the honor due the saviours of the nation, and in securing the fruits of their victories.

*Resolved*, That remembering with profound gratitude and love the precepts of WASHINGTON, we should accustom ourselves to consider the Union as *the primary object of patriotic desire*, which has heretofore sustained us with great power in our love of the Union. When so many of our neighbors in the South were waging war for its destruction, our deep and abiding love for the memory of the Father of His Country and for the Union is more deeply engraven upon our hearts than ever.

The Address, also adopted, was simply explanatory of the Resolutions.

### REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON UNRECONSTRUCTED STATES.

On the 7th, the Report of the Committee on unreconstructed States was read and adopted. The report was a review of our political situation from the stand-point of the Convention. It charged upon President JOHNSON the existing evils in the South. It presented a graphic picture of these evils—what and how great they were. It gave a detailed account of the New Orleans massacre, and threw the responsibility of it upon the President. It declared that Congress, in order to avoid discord and conflict, has actually abstained from doing much which it ought to have done and possesses the power to do, and that Congress alone could save Southern loyalists from persecution, exile, and death. "There can be," it declared, in conclusion, "no safety for the country against the fell spirit of Slavery, now organized in the form of serfdom, unless the Government, by national and appropriate legislation enforced by national authority, shall confer on every citizen in the States we represent the American birthright of impartial suffrage and equality before the law. This is the one all-sufficient remedy. This is our great need and pressing necessity. This is the only policy which will destroy sectionalism by bringing into effective power a preponderating force on the side of loyalty. It will lead to an enduring pacification because based on the eternal principles of justice. It is a policy which will finally regenerate the South itself, because it will introduce and establish there a divine principle of moral politics which, under God's blessing, will, in elevating humanity, absorb and purify the unchristian hate and selfish passions of men. It will bless those who give as well as those who receive. It will be the crowning act of glory to our free Republic, and when done will be received as was the act of Emancipation, with joy and praise throughout the world as the final realization of the promise of the Declaration of American Independence."

### FIRE AT THE CLUB-HOUSE.

We give on page 604 an illustration of the recent partial destruction by fire of the Union League Club-House at Philadelphia. The fire broke out a little after midnight on the morning of September 7. Five thousand people had gathered in a short time opposite the burning building. The fire had its origin somewhere in the upper floor, where the apartments of the servants were located. By extraordinary efforts of the fire brigade the flames were limited in their destruction to the floor in which they originated, and were put completely under within an hour. Several acts of individual heroism are recorded to the honor of the firemen, every flag upon the building being rescued safely under circumstances of considerable peril. The loss will probably not exceed $25,000 or $30,000, which is but an eighth of the cost of the building.

The fire is supposed to have been the result of incendiarism. The janitor of the building was arrested the day after the fire.

### OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our sketches of the Convention, made by our special artists, C. J. BUSH and C. H. WELLS, are very complete. Among these we wish to refer particularly to the interesting incident which one of our artists has made the subject of the engraving on our first page, representing Governor BROWNLOW, at the head of the Tennessee Delegation, passing through the Northern delegates in Independence Square, the spot where the Declaration of Independence was first read. The old man, so weak that at intervals he was compelled to stop and rest, and looking thin and emaciated, leaning on the arm of one from his own State, passed down the entire line, greeted by all with shouts of enthusiastic welcome. The other illustrations speak for themselves.

## SPARKS FROM THE FORGE.

I.

"YES, yes, Miss Miller; it's tryin', as you say, after I've brung up the boy, to have him turn agin me now!" and old Mrs. Ripley sipped her tea solemnly.

Mrs. Miller sighed from the other side of the little black tea-pot on the tea-table between them, for the gossips were enjoying a dish of their favorite beverage, with sage remarks and bitter herbs of consolation thrown in. Then she handed over the great tumbler, with a sea of water and islands of radishes floating therein, under the vague impression that they would do the sorrowful gossip a world of good. Perhaps they did, for there was, first, the wholesome exercise of chasing the round ones and bringing them out in triumph; and overcoming the native obstinacy of the long ones, which leaned about at various angles.

"Yes, thankee;" and Mrs. Ripley took the top of one off with a snap, and held the remainder over the salt ready for another attack.

"Your radishes is splendid! If Lizee had been worth a cent we might ha' had a garden worth somethin' too. I told John how it would be, maryin' a city girl all fuss and feathers—never mixed a batch of bread in her life, nor milked a cow, nor nuthin."

"Well, I s'pose, ef she was a manty-maker in the city, she couldn't have a chance to learn sich

things, you know," said Mrs. Miller, pouring out a fresh cup of tea in a convivial way, as though she expected to get up a bead on the harmless infusion.

"No, no more she couldn't—and that's what I say." And Mrs. Ripley rounded her period with a radish that threatened her only reliable tooth with instant destruction. "No more she couldn't, and so I told John, but he was the obstinatest creetur I ever see. Sez he, 'I don't want her to work, mother; I am strong and well, and am a-goin' to work for her.' John is a good boy, but when his mind is sot it's sot. I tell you, Miss Miller, when your children is little they tromp on yer toes, but when they get growed they tromp on yer heart!—No, no more tea, thankee!—I must be a-gitting along. I promised John that I wouldn't leave Lizee and the house very long. She's no more 'count than a child; never even made a stitch of clothes fur John yet. There's Melissee Aspell now—why she'd ha' made him a suit of clothes as quick as wink. Well, well! Come over soon and see me. I must go back to Lizee."

"I'm here, mother!" and a young girl rose up from the flower-bed outside the door, over which she had been bending, and so heard the last words. "I was lonesome, and I came over to walk back with you."

There was a pitiful accent in her voice as she spoke. The clear blue eyes were a trifle dim as she walked slowly home by the old woman's side, and the little hands, already roughened by her new life, laid somewhat wearily together. "John's late to-night, isn't he, mother?" and she looked eagerly over toward the rolling-mill, not far away, that flung out its great pillar of smoke from a crown of fire.

"La! yes, child. You can't expect a man as has his livin' to make to be runnin' home all times of day and night. There's extra work at the furnace, I s'pose."

"Oh, there's John!" and the girl's pale cheeks, that had given no hint of dimples, flushed and made rosy nests of themselves as she sprung eagerly forward. "And Ned, I declare!—Cousin Ned! Oh, I'm so glad!"

The two men came forward, almost counterparts in figure—the same stalwart shoulders and goodly stature, but their faces were of opposite types. John with a square chin and somewhat heavy brow, underset by eyes that refused to tell their color in the shadow; while Ned Hammersly wore the fair Saxon color and golden hair that was softened into beauty on Liza's face.

"I'm glad to see you, Lize!" and his great rough hand was outstretched for the little one, which met it frankly.

"Does Lize behave herself?" turning to John, who slid his arm about her, and looked down on her head with a strong man's tenderness as he answered: "Pretty well, pretty well."

Then came the explanation of Ned's presence: that a process for preparing steel was to be put in operation, and carried out under his skillful direction, at the rolling-mill; that he had come to stay for the summer at the little hotel among the hamlets about them.

Old Mrs. Ripley had stood somewhat aloof, but John now touched her sleeve, and, turning to Ned, said: "My mother; Liza's cousin, Edward Hammersly." Thereupon the old, sharp eyes took an inventory of all his qualities and quantities of manner and person.

"You never told me about Mr. Hammertea, Lizee," and she looked at John's wife in such a dreadful way over her iron-rimmed glasses that Liza drew back a step, and only said: "Didn't I?"

"Hev you got a family, Mr. Hammerkey?" she added, turning the glasses on him.

Ned grew as red as a great cabbage-rose, and answered, awkwardly: "No, ma'am, I'm a bachelor, and don't think of getting married now."

The sharp eyes saw a look pass between the cousins as he spoke which she never forgot, and thereon built up a theory of possibilities and probabilities. From this theory she never wavered through the long bright summer, her watchfulness never flagged, her innuendoes never ceased, until John grew pale and silent, and sometimes cross by fits to the poor little wife, who was a riddle to him yet. Ned, with his frank, cheery ways and pleasant laugh, smoked many a pipe in his company by their cottage-door, and then Liza seemed happiest and most loving toward him. And so glided by the days of harvest and its lingering moon, and the hours of daylight grew fewer and the night-watch longer.

II.

JOHN sat just by the outer rim of the circle shining from the mouth of the great furnace, whose fire must be undying now. There was to be a great casting on the morrow, and it was his turn to watch. Above him great wheels and bands turned dusky edges to the faint red light, and hopeful spiders tried again their hopeless work that never would be finished. Bars of trusty iron, to be welded by-and-by, lay biding their time of trial and destiny, fulfilled in honest gun or faithful anchor. The great trip-hammer, which had banged upon the anvil and whatever lay thereon, like a vindictive demon, all day, was at rest a while, and there was no sound except the unceasing roar of the furnace.

In this light John looked pale and worn; perhaps he felt so as he rose and held his head, with its thick locks, under the pump and deluged it, shaking the drops out like a great water-dog. Then he moved toward the open door and looked out at the stars so thick above him.

"'True as the stars'—ay, they are true, sure enough; one can depend on them all life through, and afterward—for, never mind how many graves there are, there is a star for each, I know, 'that will never waver.' I almost wish sometimes that all this worry of life was over for me!" And he passed his hand over his wet hair again, and looked out on the summer night. Crickets sung peaceful songs in the tall weeds by the pile of lumber near; now and then a frog croaked hoarse contentment from the stones below the dam; and a distant dog barked defiance to outlaws and marauders. As he listened he looked toward the white cottage, not very far away, with its colored shutters, like blind eyes, showing in the setting moonlight. He looked long and fixedly, and when he turned away it was with a sudden wrench as of one in pain, and he sighed heavily. Just then something white came through the grass and almost startled him, until he saw that it was Liza's cat, with its bit of ribbon all draggled and wet with the night-dew.

"Oh! pussy, is it you?" and he sat down on one of the oaken benches and coaxed the creature up in his arms, as though glad of her company in his silent loneliness.

"Good little pussy loves me, I know," and he laid his rough red hand tenderly over her fur. "I wonder if your little mistress does? I don't know. I thought she did; but I ought to have waited a little longer before I brought her home to my poor homely place. So young and so fair, and I am ten years older than she, and grave and quiet in my ways—ain't I, pussy?"

For answer, to be sure, the creature said "Mew!" and nothing more; but it made no difference to the lonely heart, which was glad to-night of the dumb brute's cry. "And he knew her before I did, you see, pussy; and he is gay, and young, and handsome." He rose abruptly as he spoke, and the cat rolled over and over till, finding her feet, she ran frightened away, and between his heavy beard escaped the words: "I wish Ned Hammersly were dead—or I—God forgive me!"

The furnace fire was a shade less bright, and he replenished it and sat with his head in his hands a long, long while, until daylight looked over the hills and thrust her busy fingers even through the crevices and crannies of the black roof above him. Glad of its freshness, he rose from his lethargy and lounged in the heavy doorway.

There was the little white cottage, with its clambering rose and gay flower-beds. He could even see the purple bloom of the sweet-william, and the rod of silver lilies all abloom. But as he looked a great horror came in his eyes, for on the little side-porch, close in the shadow, stood Ned Hammersly, putting on his coat, and looking at the doorway, where Liza stood with John's best coat over her arm. He knew the coat even so far away by its bright buttons, and Ned had evidently been trying it on, for what deceit or wicked cause he knew not.

John Ripley grasped the lintel and never moved until the figure had disappeared on the road leading to the town, and the cottage door was shut. His limbs trembled and shook as he staggered back to the oaken settle by the fire, and he shivered with the cold. So he sat when his mother brought him a can of coffee and oaten cake.

"I thought I would just run over, John, with a bit of suthin' fur ye. Lizee never thinks of nothin'. She didn't come down out of her room till jest afore I came out. What's the matter? I didn't hurt ye, did I? You look awful peaked this morning. Poor fellar! poor fellar!" and she touched his hand that refused to uncover his haggard eyes. "Massy, how cold your hands are! Have ye got the ager?"

"No, no, mother, I'm all right, said he, peevishly. "Set the coffee down, and I'll take it by-and-by."

Just then the great bell rang, and the hands came trooping in for another day of toil. Wheel and band were thrown in gear, and the trip-hammer became a busy, relentless demon again.

III.

ELEVEN o'clock, the time for casting, has come. Seething and blinding the molten metal waits its change. Once more the workman stoops to see the mould, that spot or mar shall not be found therein. Pale and anxious, the head-workman goes hither and thither that all may go well. From a timber cross borne on strong shoulders hung a kettle suspended from its centre, that at the hour was filled and borne beside the mould to fill defects that might occur. From the molten mass, as the great clock struck, a ruddy stream came slowly down its conduit to the mould. The four men held steady by braces the great kettle, and the ladler waited for commands. John Ripley was one of the four. To-day his hand was scarcely steady, and when he heard Ned's voice behind him speaking to the men he turned away his head and held one hand over the other on its brace. Just then the ladler dipped from out the mass, and in his agitation dripped the lava-drops upon John's hand and arm. A sharp cry of pain escaped him, and he would have shrunk, and so let burning death upon him in its ineffable torment, if, like a tiger, Ned had not sprung and cried, "For God's sake, men, hold on!"

That cry and that quick grasp saved them all. The red iron had crept up to the very edge of the kettle with John's failing grasp, and one quiver more would have sent it over him in a burning flood.

The men knew well enough the danger. Round the forge-fires had gone many a tale of horror and disaster when a failing hand had left a molten sea to scorch and burn and kill and fetter in the flying fugitives, until its hot breath did its work.

John knew the death from which his rival had saved him, and remembered it even through the fearful anguish of his maimed and blistered arm. And yet he would have given worlds to have owed the life he held to any other man.

"Here, Joe Hill; take my horse, tied outside, and ride for the doctor; and you, Ben Collins, hold on here while I go home with John. He isn't fit to go alone."

Ned's orders were carried out, and the two men walked slowly toward the cottage.

"Let me go in first, John, and tell Lize."

Even in his unutterable suffering of body the injured man turned and answered fiercely, with an oath,

"No you don't, Ned Hammersly. I go first. I can take care of my wife—ay, and my own coat too. I don't want your help."

"Are you crazy, John?" and Ned stood across his path.

"Yes. Stand aside, will you?"

The man's strong will carried him past his companion and by the little door, where he fell fainting like one dead.

IV.

DAYS of pain and nights of unrest had followed the fearful burning. At one time it seemed hardly possible to save his arm; but now he hoped to wield it by-and-by. A long while, perchance, it might be before it could give the thunderous blows of its olden might; but he was thankful for its partial restoration. For his fierce and bitter words when coming home Ned bore no grudge; but ever since John had turned away with steady coldness from his friendly offers. Liza, too, had come to be afraid of his petulant replies, and went about her round of duties pale and silent. Mrs. Ripley, as was her wont, went out to gossip and drink tea with her neighbors. She did not grieve, I am sure, at the estrangement, for did it not prove her prophetic croakings true?

So it was timidly and half afraid that Liza sat down beside him in the September sunshine, which flooded the open door and the chair where he sat wearily thinking, about a month after the accident.

"John, dear, I'm going to tell you something," and she laid her hand on his knee, but he did not take it. "I s'pose you won't care, but I thought I would tell you that my sister's married and coming here to live. She was a long while making up her mind too, and she said No once or twice, but she meant Yes all the time, and so they are married, and—and—her husband is Ned Hammersly. I thought we should go to the wedding, but you were hurt about a week before, and so we couldn't be there. And see, John"—she pulled out from behind her, where she had held it all the while, a new cloth coat—"I made it for the wedding, John, all myself. I cut it and sewed it, and Ned got the buttons for me, and I tried it on him when you were out of sight—you see your coats suit him—and I just got it done the morning you were burned. Ned stopped on his way to town, and I tried on your coat, and it fitted so nicely! Now mother won't say I am good for nothing any more, will she? Why, John, what on earth are you crying about? I thought you would like it. Don't you?"

"Come here, little one!" The arms were open wide. "Dear, patient, darling little lamb!" And so he held her golden head a while, and vowed anew to trust her for evermore. And so Ned and his new bride found them. John held out his hand to Ned. "I've been a fool, Ned; forget it if you can;" and that was all.

If ever a man was proud, John Ripley was in that beloved coat, that had cost him such sorrow in its building. If ever a wife was happy, it was when John would boast of it as her own work.

And when Mrs Ripley took tea with Mrs. Miller, she was forced to confess that "she thought she might make somethin' out of Lizee after all."

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

PLEASURE-SEEKERS are returning from various quarters to their city homes. It is the *fashion* to reappear in the city some time in September; and so, even though September's hot and sultry days may far outnumber those of August, people generally follow the fashion. Houses, long silent and deserted, are resonant with voices, blinds are thrown open, churches are re-opened, and business receives a general impulse. The haste to return is altogether natural. Many who usually pass most of the summer in the city thought it expedient to retreat this year; but now that all fear of cholera is past, they are not sorry to leave extortionate hotels and the chilly comforts of the country. The truth is, that while July brought some of the hottest weather known within the memory of the "oldest inhabitants," there has seldom been an August so unseasonably and extraordinarily cold.

The sojourners at the White Mountains have found themselves sadly uncomfortable. The rain has been almost incessant, and the roads, never good, have been, in consequence, nearly impassable. Shut up inside of a heavy, springless coach, or clinging to the outside of it to keep one's self from being tossed into the muddy holes beneath, may be an agreeable way of searching for the picturesque; but we have no taste for such exceedingly romantic excursions. A bridal-party from one of our Eastern cities, some two or three weeks ago, followed the fashion and went to the White Mountains. The bridegroom supposed he had made sure of comfortable quarters by securing rooms in advance. But on arriving there the hotel was found to be overflowing; and although, as an especial accommodation, a small, uncomfortable attic room was given up to the bride and bridegroom, most of the party got along as they could without rooms. Nothing daunted, the next day they commenced the ascent of Mount Washington; but a severe snow-storm met them, and, half-congealed with the cold, they beat a hasty retreat, resolving to seek some more genial clime in which to spend the honey-moon.

Undoubtedly September will be more agreeable to those who yet linger among the mountains than August was. There is usually a sort of *compensation* in regard to the weather; and those in the country who have complainingly shrugged their shoulders at the chilly breezes of August may vainly long, under a sultry September sun, for one refreshing breath.

It is said that a new sect has been formed among the women of St. Petersburg, and that they have already made their appearance in Paris. They are called "*Nihilists*;" and their distinguishing peculiarities are, that they remain unmarried; they assume the cares and responsibilities of men; work at all kinds of manual labor, and transact every sort of mercantile business. The following is a description of the costume of two "*Nihilists*," who recently made their appearance at a certain church in St. Petersburg: The two fair heads were cropped close, and their attire a sort of compromise between the coat and trowsers of the male sex, with the most convenient portions of female costume. A jacket descending low over the hips, and closed over the bosom by a row of large buttons; a short, very full petticoat of the same, and beneath, just apparent above the high boots of black, shining leather, full inexpressibles, not gathered in, but floating just above the knee, and displaying about an inch of the snow-white stocking, formed their novel and singular attire. Each held in her hand a low, flat hat, with a large brim adorned with a cord and tassel.

A curious report comes from France in regard to the mulberry-tree. A. M. Brunet affirms that he has succeeded in reducing the textile substances which are found in the bark of the mulberry to the fineness, durability, and general appearance of silk by chemical and mechanical processes, and affirms his faith in the discovery by buying up large quantities of the bark for producing this description of silk. If this is true, mulberry-trees will be all the fashion wherever they can be cultivated, and the invention will be a very profitable one.

There is an old story to the effect that a solitary bachelor, having suddenly resolved to commit matrimony, rung the bell, and proposed to his cook. She, in a state of indecision, hesitated; so he rung the bell again, and proposed to the house-maid, who accepted him on the spot. And—as the story goes—she lived happily ever afterward, as a just reward of her prompt decision. This tale is not cited as a precedent for young ladies to take such a dangerously short time in making a decision which involves the happiness of a lifetime. But we so often see such a ridiculous hesitation in trivial matters that it is a relief to meet a man or woman who is self-poised. Many a lady has no confidence in her own taste or skill in dressing herself. "Would you wear my buff silk, or my blue muslin?" "Which looks the best, a linen collar or a lace one?" "Does this ribbon look prettiest in a single or double bow?" And a multitude of similar questions are constantly heard in the dressing-room. Some are perpetually disturbed because, having no fixed principles themselves, they try to please those with whom they chance to be, and are like the "waves of the sea, driven of the wind and tossed." We often see gentlemen who are singularly undecided in minor matters—who, for example, require an immense time to decide what they will have for dinner—although they may decide a momentous question with comparative promptness. It is worth a good deal to any one to know what questions should be quickly and promptly decided, and what should be carefully considered—and to be able to do it.

*Apropos* to this subject, is what Sydney Smith says:

"It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjusting nice chances; it did all very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for 150 years, and live to see its success for six or seven centuries afterward; but at present a man waits and doubts, and consults his brothers, and uncles, and his particular friends, till one day he finds that he is 65 years of age, and that he has lost so much time in consulting first cousins and particular friends that he has no more time to follow their advice."

Every body has read or heard of the great meteoric shower of November 13, 1833. On that occasion the whole heavens were illuminated with celestial fireworks from about two o'clock until daybreak. Professor Newton, of Yale College, announces that a similar display of meteors will probably occur on the morning of the 13th or 14th of November next. Such a rare phenomenon awakens a deep interest among all classes of persons. Preparations to observe this sublime spectacle, for scientific purposes, have already commenced in Europe. And all, who in any country are fortunate enough to be witnesses of such an extraordinary sight, may well congratulate themselves.

Tomatoes are considered as among the healthiest of all our vegetables. Every housekeeper who has the opportunity should endeavor to put up some for winter use. It is a very simple matter to do this. They should merely be cooked, without seasoning, and put while hot into wide-mouthed jugs or tin cans. The jugs or cans should be entirely filled, and securely corked or covered. Preserved in this manner they keep almost as fresh as when first picked from the vine.

A Southern paper records the trial of a man charged with stealing corn from a neighbor's crib. The evidence went to show that the man had been found with his hand in an aperture in the crib, safely fastened in a steel trap, set for the purpose of catching the thief. It was also in evidence that two empty corn sacks were found lying at the feet of the entrapped individual. The decision of the magistrate, however, was, that there was no proof that the prisoner had stolen any corn, and as to being caught in a steel trap, any gentleman had a perfect right to stick his hand in one if he felt inclined to do so.

A humorous writer says:

"Every word in the French language beginning with *croque* has been turned inside out to find the origin of *croquet*, but without success. Some will have it that the word is a corruption of *crochet*, which means a hook, and that the game was originally devised by the ladies, who threw it out as a hook to catch husbands with. There seems to be a glimmering of reason in this, more especially when we remember that *crochet* also means a kind of fancy work much cultivated by ladies. The writer has at this moment hanging on the wall before him a smoking-cap in *crochet*-work, made for him by fair hands several years ago, and thrown in the usual skillful manner; but, being a wary fish, he saw the hook and declined to bite. On the whole, we think that *croquet* and *crochet* are partly convertible terms, inasmuch as the hook is to be discerned at the root of both."

It is suggested that instead of the phrase "shaven lawn," which the manuals use to designate the croquet ground, the word *parquet* be used; because it would sound so pretty to hear the accents of a silvery voice saying, "Suppose we have a game of croquet upon the parquet!"

An exchange gives the following remarkable statements:

"We have a compositor in this office the friction of whose movements over the type in his stick fuses them solid like stereotype plate. The only way to prevent this is to have his case submerged in water, and the rapidity of his motions keeps the water boiling and bubbling so that eggs have frequently been boiled in the space-box. Pipes lead from the bottom of his case to a boiler in the press-room, and the steam generated by our fast compositor's motions runs the power-press. In one day he 'set' so much type that it took all hands, from editor to devil, two weeks to read the proof, and it wasn't his good day for setting type either."

Not long ago a party who were sight-seeing in New York went on board a Liverpool packet—their first acquaintance with a vessel. They were politely shown over the vessel; and when they entered the luxurious cabin a young lady of the party, delighted with what she saw, exclaimed: "Oh! how I should like to go to Europe in such a ship!" "You can," spoke the captain, in a deep voice, who had entered the cabin unperceived. "You can if you will." "As your stewardess, I suppose, Sir," replied the young lady, pertly. "No; as my wife," returned the captain. "As your wife, Sir!" exclaimed she, in unfeigned astonishment, "you must be joking." "No, I am not," replied the captain; "I mean every word of it."

The young woman was fluttered and flattered. She asked for a few hours to consider the unexpected proposition. At the expiration of the time she gave the captain a favorable answer, and in three days she was married.

SOUTHERN LOYALISTS' CONVENTION IN PHILADELPHIA—MASS MEETING OF SOUTH

NORTHERN DELEGATES IN FRONT OF THE UNION LEAGUE BUILDING.—[SEE PAGE 598.]

## LIFE AND DEATH.

LIFE is not sweet. One day it will be sweet
  To shut our eyes and die:
Nor feel the wild-flowers blow, nor birds dart by
  With flitting butterfly,
Nor grass grow long above our heads and feet,
Nor hear the happy lark that soars sky high,
Nor sigh that spring is fleet and summer fleet,
  Nor mark the waxing wheat,
Nor know who sits in our accustomed seat.

Life is not good. One day it will be good
  To die, then live again;
To sleep meanwhile: so not to feel the wane
Of shrunk leaves dropping in the wood,
Nor hear the foamy lashing of the main,
Nor marked the blackened bean-fields, nor where stood
  Rich ranks of golden grain,
Only dead refuse stubble clothe the plain:
Asleep from risk, asleep from pain.

# THE TALE OF AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE.

### In Six Weekly Portions.—Fourth Portion.

## CHAPTER VIII.

"I NEVER saw a piece of knitting in such a mess in all my life! What *were* you thinking of, Madge?"

Aunt Gough uttered this mild pleasantry in the fullness of her satisfaction some days after that happy evening on which Horace had told me that he loved me. They all knew it now. Dear uncle had kissed and blessed me, mingling with his tender words some prudent cautions as to the necessity of waiting, and as to our youth and inexperience. But he was pleased. I knew that, and the knowledge made me inexpressibly happy. As for waiting, that was not hard to my mind. Of course we were young. Of course we were inexperienced and without settled prospects in the world. But we loved each other, and our love was approved by those whom we most honored and regarded. Surely that was happiness enough to fill years of waiting, should years be necessary. Horace was not quite so contented to accept Uncle Gough's words of wisdom. He chafed a little, in his impetuous way, at being told of his youth and inexperience.

"Young!" he said to me, when we were walking alone together. "Does your uncle know that I am turned three-and-twenty?" Horace looked very solemn as he announced his attainment of this venerable age. "If he had said that I'm not good enough, there might have been some reason in it. But if my dear girl is content to take me only because I love her better than all the world beside—"

"No; because I love *you*, Horace."

"My own Margaret! If you are content, angel that you are, I don't see who need object."

"Dear Horace, be reasonable. Can any thing be more kind and generous than Uncle Gough's behavior? Of course he is right when he says that our youth—"

"There it is. Our youth! The fact is, fifty-five is getting to be thought the right age for love and marriage. I wish I was as old as De Beauguet. Upon my soul I do!"

"Perhaps, Horace, in that case the objection might come from *me*, and not from uncle."

"I always say absurd things when I'm angry," said Horace, wiping his eyes after an outbreak of laughter. "Every body does."

I don't know whether every body does, but I know Horace did. And what could be more absurd than the idea of his ever being fifty-five? My bright, impulsive Horace!

All this brings me back to Aunt Gough and my tangled knitting. One of the servants had found it in the porch and taken it to my aunt, and she, divining the circumstances under which it had got into such a chaotic state, resolved to have her small joke at my expense. Horace and I were sitting with her now, having come in from the walk in which we had held the foregoing discussion as to the necessity for patient waiting.

"What *have* you been doing with your knitting?" said aunt. "I wonder who is expected to wear a stocking like that!"

"Oh, aunty, it was Horace. He was twisting it about in his fingers."

"And, pray, how came Horace to get hold of your knitting? I hope you don't mean to knit *his* stockings in that way, or he will think I have made but a poor housewife of you, after all my pains."

"Do give me a chance of testing her soon, Mrs. Gough," cried Horace, eagerly, improving the occasion. "We have been having quite a dispute, Margaret and I, and I am afraid Mr. Gough is all on her side. Do throw in your influence on mine! Do take my view of the case!"

Horace went over all his arguments to prove that we were both rather elderly, and to show that in three months at the utmost his prospects would be sufficiently assured to justify him in taking a wife. He was very eloquent in his pleadings. At least I thought so, and so, I suspect, did Aunt Gough. The truth is, Horace could be much more eloquent in speaking to her than he could be in speaking to my uncle. I have said that Aunt Gough was highly sympathetic. And sympathy was to Horace the atmosphere in which he lived and breathed easily. There are strong militant natures to whom strife and the hope of victory are bracing and pleasant, but his was never one of them.

My aunt had been ailing ever since the visit to Meadow Leas. We could not trace any signs of positive disorder, but she got no stronger, had no appetite, and was incapable of active exertion. This was the only cloud in our Heaven. This and Anna.

My sister had been so variable and uncertain in her humor since that evening I have spoken of, when I spoke to her in her bed, as to try aunt sorely. Aunt's own temper was the sweetest and most placid in the world, but her nerves were unstrung, and she was liable to swoon on unusual excitement. Anna was not always angry, not always sullen, not always tearful, not always unaccountably gay and boisterous, but all these moods chased each other across her mind with startling rapidity. She was especially inconsistent toward Horace. At one time she would be so sweet and sisterly to him as to make our hearts glad within us. Next moment the merest trifle, the turning of a straw, something so slight as to be imperceptible to us, would ruffle her, and she would chafe and frown and treat him with an arrogant scorn that wounded me beyond measure. Once I was angered out of patience, and spoke to her sharply in Horace's presence. To my surprise she was soft and humble in a moment, coming and kneeling by me with her face hidden in my lap.

"Margaret, I love you!" she said, in so low a voice that I, with my head bent down to hers, could hardly hear it.

"My dear love, I know you do. But, Anna, because you love me you should be good to Horace." The dark clustering curls on my knee shook themselves petulantly from side to side. "Yes, Anna. I am sure he is very good to you. And you know he is to be your brother. Come! Give him your hand and be friends." With her face still hidden, she suffered me to take her cold little fingers and put them into Horace's outstretched palm; and so there was peace again for a time. But all this, as I have said, was trying to my aunt. Uncle Gough saw less of it than she did; but even he saw enough to distress him.

"I tell ye what, my bairn," he said to Anna, "a little change will do you good. I am thinking you're not quite well, Nanny. I shall pack you off to Meadow Leas for a week or two, and beg Farmer Gibson to feed you entirely on strong ale and rabbit pasty. You're growing as slender as a hazel-wand, my bonny bairnie."

"I'm not a bit ill," returned Anna, decisively. "But I think I should like to go to Meadow Leas."

The idea was acceptable to us all. It had already occurred to me that Anna's excessive irritability might be owing to incipient illness; and, indeed, she was looking worn and thin. So it was decided that she should go to Meadow Leas for a week or two.

I have not yet said any thing as to the manner in which old Mr. Lee received the announcement of my engagement to his son. In truth, it is not a topic on which I am able to say much, for Horace would never exactly tell me what his father's words had been; but I gathered that he had expressed some disappointment in the matter. It must have been on the score of my personal demerits, for I knew that an alliance with the family of James Gough of the Gable House was, in a social sense, the best he could have expected for his son. However, the old gentleman was all cordiality to my uncle, and all condescension to me. He treated me with elaborate, I may almost say oppressive politeness—when he thought of it. Sometimes, however, he did not think of it. And I am afraid I liked those times best. He readily undertook to make the necessary arrangements for Anna's stay with the good people at Meadow Leas. But before she went away we had two pleasant surprises. One was a letter from our dear friend in Canada; the other, which concerned Horace, I shall come to presently.

Dear little Madame de Beauguet wrote most cheerfully, and there was no mistaking the fact that she was a perfectly happy woman. They had not long arrived out when her letter had been written, but she had a great deal to say about her new home already, and about her "good-man."

"Do you remember your giving him that title?" she wrote. Her letter was addressed to my aunt. "*I* do. And nothing ever was more appropriate. Put the strongest possible accent on the first syllable, or on the second syllable, or on both syllables, and you will be perfectly right all ways. He is the best creature in the world. Am I not a fortunate woman?"

Then our old governess sent kind love to Philosophy and Will-o'-the-wisp; and made many inquiries about Horace—"that most charming and civil of young civil engineers," as she called him. "Tell him that I have his parting flowers safely pressed in a book, and prize them above every thing; and that my good-man says he hopes no young lady will be jealous when she hears it."

This set us wondering whether M'sieu' had discovered Horace's secret—*our* secret—and then they all laughed, and we wandered off into happy foolish talk about ourselves. Madame de Beauguet's pleasant letter having been read and re-read and discussed in full family council with great relish, then Horace brought forth his news. And this was the second surprise.

"I have had a letter from Mr. Topps, of Birmingham, Sir," he said, addressing my uncle.

"From Mr. Topps, eh? I didn't know you kept up any correspondence with Mr. Topps."

"No, not exactly correspondence; but this is a business letter."

There was a look of triumph in Horace's eyes as he handed it to my uncle: though he assumed a sober unconcerned manner, as who should say that to a man of his age and position a business letter from Mr. Topps was an everyday kind of matter.

"Am I to read it?"

"If you please, Sir."

"What is it, Horace?" I asked, eagerly. But he hushed me with a motion of his hand, and we all waited silently until my uncle had finished reading the letter.

"Well, my boy, I am very much pleased with this. Indeed I am." My uncle took off his spectacles, and held out his strong right hand to Horace, giving him a hearty grip. "It does you credit, and you may justly be proud of it."

"I *am* proud of it, Sir," answered Horace, with ingenuous glee. "I am glad that you should see—that you should have this opportunity of convincing yourself—that is, I mean, that my prospects—"

"Yes, yes, I know. You are proud and glad that I should be made to understand on such excellent authority what a trust-worthy, responsible, rising gentleman I am to have for a nephew, and what a very slow old coach I must be to think it well for him to wait one single day before taking all the cares of the world on his shoulders. That's it, isn't it, laddie?"

Horace colored, but answered with a smile: "Well, you have put it in your own words, Sir, but I suppose that *is* it."

"And now, mayn't We know something of this great business?" asked my aunt, from among the cushions in her arm-chair.

Then Uncle Gough, with Horace's full consent, told us what were the contents of Mr. Topps's letter. That distinguished engineer retained a kindly remembrance and a high opinion of his former pupil, and was willing to put a good thing in his way when the occasion presented itself. There were some new water-works to be erected in a small northern town just on this side of the Scottish Border, and Mr. Topps had been applied to to find some competent person to design and superintend their erection. He himself was much too "eminent and expensive," as Mr. Lee would have said, to be asked to undertake the business. But the chairman of the water-works company, being acquainted with the great Birmingham engineer, had written to ask his advice. "And my advice is, that they should employ you, Lee," wrote Mr. Topps in his letter. "I have every confidence in you, and, if you will undertake it, it may lead to better things."

Better things! What could be better? So I thought. But to Mr. Topps, from his eminence, probably the whole matter looked small enough.

"What does Rotherwood say to it?" asked my uncle.

"Well, Sir, he sees no objection to my taking it. Clinch, his articled pupil, can do all such work as I have been doing during the last half year."

The only drawback to our happiness was, that Horace would have to go to the north, and remain there some time. But that would not be just yet. Some six months must elapse before the arrangements could be so far advanced as to necessitate his presence. And six months seemed quite a long time to look forward to when I was nineteen.

## CHAPTER IX.

I WAS once told, when I was a very little girl—too little to be told so—that I should find good and evil, joy and sorrow, succeed each other throughout my life, with the regularity of the checkers on a chess-board. I have found this true in the main: true in the sense in which it was intended to be understood; but I have never found it to be an accurate illustration of the alternations of bright and dark in our daily existence. The dark spots have come to me—and, thank God! the bright spots too—but by no means with the rigidity of outline and regularity of succession suggested by the chess-board simile. Absolute blackness has been rare—rarer, perhaps, on the whole, than absolute whiteness. I have known both. But they were divided from each other by infinite gradations of more or less neutral tints, and not by sharp, well-defined lines, where the black ceased and the white began. In truth, I think that sharp, well-defined lines are not common, either in nature or human nature.

I am led to remember the "chess-board," by thinking of the cloud that came over us soon after our pride and triumph in Horace's good fortune. Dear Aunt Gough grew very ill. Still without any special disorder that could be discovered, or that the family doctor chose to define to us; but very weak and very ill. She seldom left her chamber now, and, Anna being away, I was with her a great deal. She would sometimes feebly protest against the constancy of my attendance on her; but I said, and said truly, that I could not have been happy if I had left her to receive loving care from other hands.

"It is but selfishness after all, dear aunty; for, as soon as I am away from you, I begin to fidget, and to fancy that something has been forgotten which ought to have been remembered, or something left undone which ought to have been done. And then my self-conceit brings me back to see to things myself."

"But Horace will think *me* very selfish, my love, if I engross you altogether. That must not be."

"I am sure he will not think that, aunt. Besides, Horace has been away a good deal himself, lately."

It was true that Horace had been away a good deal lately; away from Willborough. Before he should take his departure for the north there were two or three matters to which Mr. Rotherwood wished him to give his personal superintendence. Among others, there was the draining of Meadow Leas. I have said that Mr. Rotherwood desired it, but Mr. Lee was very anxious, too, that Horace should see to it himself. Had not Sir Robert sent for him to the Hall purposely to speak of it? Had he not shaken hands with him, and presented him to my lady in the drawing-room? "Clinch could do it all right enough," said Horace. But nevertheless, thus influenced, he went himself to Meadow Leas. So it followed that what with his frequent absence, and what with my attendance on my aunt, we were not quite so much together as would otherwise have been natural in our position. But he rode over from his father's house (where he was staying to be near his work) almost every day, and brought my aunt many a beautiful gift of fruit and flowers from the green-houses at the Hall. Horticulture had not then advanced to the rank of a fine art, but Mr. M'Gee, Sir Robert's Scotch gardener, had some pretensions to science notwithstanding, and I can bear testimony to the perfume of his roses, and their beauties of form, color, and size. These floral offerings gave great offense to Stock, who lost no opportunity of decrying Mr. M'Gee's professional skill with much bitterness.

One evening my aunt had fallen into a doze, having desired, before she composed herself to rest, that I would go out and get a breath of air. So, after stationing one of the maids in the room with injunctions to call me when my aunt should awake, I went down stairs and passed through the kitchen, in order to reach the garden by the back way. The servants were enjoying the pleasant evening hour, after the business of the day, and the maids were sewing and gossiping over their work. Stock sat near the open window, in an appropriately hard Windsor chair, with his pipe in his mouth, contemplating the glories of the kitchen garden. I never passed Stock without a few words of greeting. I had a knowledge—how acquired, it would be hard to say, for never by word nor look was he apt to show any touch of tenderness—that the old man had a soft corner in his heart for my sister and me.

"Stock, how well your early vegetables are looking!"

"I'm not sure as you knows much about it, Miss Margrit."

"I hope I know a little, Stock, a very little."

"Vara little," said Stock.

"The peas, for instance. Are they not unusually promising?"

"There's a Providence above all peas," returned Stock, "and equally above banes. An' it's fort'nate as there be."

Stock had not the least idea of being irreverent. But he was given to solemn-sounding phraseology, and believed, I fancy, that there was something vaguely meritorious in the use of pious words—words not especially applicable to the matter in hand, but which seemed of themselves to impart an odor of sanctity to his discourse, be it what it might. Stock was an ignorant, narrow-minded old man, no doubt. But I have since heard pious talk, conducted on much the same principle, by people with the means of knowing better.

"It's fort'nate as there be, or it's little peas nor yet banes, as the master 'ud have see'd on table this year. Bill Green, he done his best to ruin of 'em; but there's a Providence beyond Bill Green."

It was so well understood by this time that Stock's revilings of his subordinate were to be taken as mere figures of speech—expressing more his own consciousness of old age and rheumatism than any thing else—that no one uplifted a voice in defense of Bill Green: who, by-the-way, was as honest and hard-working a lad as could be found.

"I'm going into the garden, Stock," said I, "to get a fresh posy for my aunt." This was an indiscreet speech.

"Ah!" growled Stock, "the missus she don't want no posies out of this here garden. Not now, she don't."

"Oh yes, she does, Stock. She thinks no flowers so sweet as our own."

"No more there bain't. None. The missus is right there, Miss Margrit. I knows summut about flowers, or I ought to it, and I'll 'fy all England to grow sweeter flowers nor ourn. But it ain't sweetness now, nor yet *com*pleteness, as is the hobject wi' some. It's to have 'em wallopin' big uns. That's the hobject. You grow your flowers wallopers, an' you'll do."

"I don't think that, Stock."

"Well, Miss Margrit, I ain't a goin' to try it, whether or no. I allus done my dooty, and I allus means to. I say as them flowers as young Master Lee brings here is wallopers, and nothin' else *but* wallopers. And I say, as one o' the 'lect, that I sha'n't find no wallopers where *I'm* a goin' to. Me—and a few more—we sha'n't be called upon to keep company with wallopers."

"Mr. Lee only meant to give my aunt pleasure, Stock. I'm sure he always admires the gardens at the Gable House. And you must not say any thing unkind of Mr. Lee, Stock, because I love him very much, and I'm going to be married to him, you know."

"Ah! sure. Well, well, well. No, I ha'n't got nothin' to say agin' young Mr. Lee. Goin' to be married," he pursued, musingly. "Little Miss Margrit. Ah, sure! Well, my dear, may the Lord have marcy upon ye!"

This was not exactly encouraging. But I understood Stock; and though his deep-set black eyes looked stern, and no muscle of his hard brown face was softened, yet I knew that the old man had a tender place in his heart for the orphan girl he had known so many years. I passed on to the garden, and was busy gathering my nosegay, when I heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs entering the stable-yard, and almost at the same moment a window in my room was softly opened, and Hester, the maid, called to me that my aunt was awake, and that Dr. Dixon was with her. "I will come in a few minutes, Hester, before the doctor goes." As she turned away and shut the window Horace came hurrying across the lawn, all booted and spurred from his ride.

"My dearest Margaret! I am so glad to find you here! Each time I have come lately you have been mewed up in a close chamber."

"Dear Horace, I am very well. It does me no harm."

"It does *me* harm, for I see so little of you. And how is Mrs. Gough?"

"Dr. Dixon is with her now, and I am going in to hear his report."

"Going in! It seems to me, Margaret, that you grudge every moment you give to me." He had drawn my arm through his, and we were slowly pacing down the garden walk; I, with my basket of freshly gathered flowers in my hand.

"Oh, my dear Horace!"

"Well, it does seem so. Of course it is right that you should be kind and attentive to your aunt. I am sure I am nearly as fond of her as you are. But you seem so indifferent, Margaret. As if you didn't care to be with me!"

His tone was petulant, irritable, and unlike himself; looking at him more closely, I saw that he seemed harassed, and was very pale, now that the flush of exercise had faded from his face.

"Oh, Horace!"

If I could have told him but a tenth part of the joy it gave me to be with him! But no, I could not. And yet the tone of his voice, the sound of his footfall, the glance of his eye, made my heart overflow with happiness. And surely he might

have known this. If he did not, I could not make him know it by any words of protestation. I have said that it was my weakness to be too keenly sensitive to reproof, especially where my affections were concerned. I always saw that *other side* of things too plainly. What he thought and felt was almost as vividly within my perception as were my own thoughts and feelings; but though I knew he was wrong, I could not plead my cause. It would have been better to have spoken frankly and fearlessly, setting forth the strength of my love; it would have been better, even, to have grown angry, and flamed at him as my sister might have done. But I could only withdraw into myself and bear my hurt in silence.

We walked to the end of the path without speaking, and when we turned to go back toward the house he suddenly took me in his arms, upsetting the flower-basket and scattering its contents upon the gravel. "No, my darling!" he said. "Don't mind me. I don't believe it."

"Believe what, Horace?"

"That you are any thing but the sweetest, dearest, truest, most unselfish girl in the world."

"I am not that, Horace; but do me justice. At least I am not indifferent."

"No, no, no, my own love! I am sure you are not. Forgive me."

We kissed each other with wet cheeks, like two children, as we were.

"Look at my poor flowers, you bad boy. There! Put them all in the basket. I would not have old Stock see one blossom lying trampled on the ground, for more than I can tell. I must not keep Dr. Dixon any longer. You will come to aunt's room when she sends for you, and tell us all about Anna? Of course you see her constantly?"

"Yes; I—have seen her. *Must* you go now?"

I only shook my head in answer, and ran into the house. Uncle Gough was in my aunt's room when I reached it, and Dr. Dixon. The doctor was a mild middle-aged man, well known and much respected in Willborough. He was brother of that Mr. Dixon, the organist, of whom I said in my childhood that he "played so kindly."

"Good-evening, Miss Sedley." The doctor stretched out his right hand, which held a leather driving-glove. I had never seen Dr. Dixon with that glove on in my life, but he always carried it.

"How do you find my aunt, Sir?"

"Mrs. Gough is better, decidedly better. If we can get a little strength, a little tone, we shall do very well."

"I am so glad!"

"Yes; a little tone. Do you know what I have been proposing to your uncle, Miss Sedley?"

"Proposing! Nay, it's all fixed and settled, lassie," put in my uncle, who was sitting by his wife's chair, gently smoothing her frail hand with his broad heavy one.

"I have been proposing," continued the doctor, who had a mildly obstinate way of sticking to his own form of words, "that Mrs. Gough should go for some months to the sea-side. To get tone; a little tone, you know."

"I believe it would do her great good, Dr. Dixon."

"Yes, yes; that's the thing, Madge," said my uncle. "She shall go next week to Beachington. I wonder we didn't think of it before."

"It wouldn't have done before, my good friend," said Dr. Dixon, "It is early in the season even yet. But I have been proposing something else, Miss Sedley."

"No, no," interrupted my aunt, faintly. "I won't allow it."

"Pardon me, my dear Madam. I have also been proposing, Miss Sedley, that you should accompany her."

Accompany her! Go away from Horace during the short time he had yet to stay in Willborough! I felt ashamed of my selfishness even as I thought this.

"Of course I will go with her, Dr. Dixon, if she will let me."

"It is too bad to ask the dear child," said Aunt Gough. My uncle looked at me wistfully. "I'm loth to part the bairn from her sweet-heart," said he. "But yet I know she'd wish to do whatever she could for her good aunt. She's the best lassie in the world, doctor."

"My kind, darling uncle," said I, "pray, pray don't speak in that way, as if you were asking any favor of me. I am thankful and rejoiced to be of use."

"Of the very greatest use, Miss Sedley," said Dr. Dixon, taking up his hat. "You are very patient, very gentle, and very pleasant to look at—three inestimable qualities in a nurse." And with those words the doctor betook himself down stairs.

"Bless thee, my bairn," said my uncle.

"Horace will never forgive me," said my aunt; "but he'll have Madge to himself all his life, and perhaps I may not be here to trouble him much longer."

## CHAPTER X.

SEA and sky, sky and sea, sea and sky! Deep blue, or pale green, livid under the clouds, dazzling in the sunshine, sleeping with a slow, long-drawn respiration beneath the moonlight, dashing yeasty foam mast high over slanting sails reddened by the dawn; beautiful, terrible, wonderful always; the great waters lay stretched out before my eyes for many, many weeks. From my chamber window at Beachington I looked forth upon them every night and morning. There was nothing to interrupt my gaze as I strained it to the far horizon. I have stood looking, looking, looking, until all the life within me seemed to concentrate itself in my eyes, and I felt as though I were floating poised like a sea-gull in mid-air, with the fathomless heavens above me, and the fathomless ocean beneath me. Oh, sea and sky! Oh, sky and sea! Oh, the small throbbing human heart within, and the vast heaving waves without! Oh, the old, old story!

My aunt had borne the journey from Willborough—it was not a long one—better than we had thought she would; and for the first fortnight of our stay at Beachington her improvement was most rapid and encouraging. After that she sank again a little; but they told us these fluctuations were to be expected, and we were hopeful. My uncle remained at the Gable House. He had come with us to Beachington, and had seen us settled in our new abode; then he returned to Willborough; and Anna came back from Meadow Leas and kept house for him. I had left home with a heavy heart—heavier than the mere temporary separation from Horace should have made it; for he had parted from me almost in anger. I can not say that he absolutely thought I ought to have refused to accompany my aunt, but he seemed to think that I ought to have made it very evident how much the going cost me. And how could I do that without wounding my beloved benefactors!

"Horace," I said, "think, pray think, what they have been to us two sisters. It seems to me that an almost more scrupulous performance of loving duty is due from Anna and me to them than if they were our parents."

"Duty! Yes; duty is your god, Margaret. You will weigh out the affection you owe, even to the last scruple, in the scale of duty. So much for my aunt; so much for my uncle; so many drachms for Horace; good measure for Horace; he is to be my husband. Margaret, if you knew what real love was you could not be so calm and cold at parting."

I assigned what excuses I could for him, but I came away with a heavy heart. His first letters, after my departure, made me sweet amends. They were so full of love and sympathy, of kindly inquiries for my aunt, and affectionate solicitude for me, that I resolved to be happy again. My aunt, too, was apparently gaining strength, so the first days of our stay at Beachington were bright. We had brought a letter from Dr. Dixon to a brother practitioner at Beachington, one Mr. Betram Norcliffe. This gentleman, besides being skillful in his profession, was an accomplished scholar, renowned for his acquaintance with Greek and Latin and the modern tongues. When Dr. Dixon told us about him before we left home, we declared we should be frightened to speak to so awful a personage. But we found ourselves quite able to speak to him, and we soon came to like him very much. He was not young—nearly as old as Dr. Dixon, I dare say; but he was unmarried, and lived alone in a beautiful house some three miles inland from Beachington. He took an interest in my aunt's case, and, as he said it was essential that she should be kept cheerful and amused, he would come and sit with us, evening after evening, talking so unaffectedly and pleasantly that we entirely forgot all about his learning.

Of course we mentioned Mr. Norcliffe frequently in our letters home. At least aunty did, when she was able to write; and she generally added a few lines with her own hand to my weekly report to my uncle. In those times the postman was not so frequent an apparition at every body's door as he is now. A letter was a serious matter, either to send or receive. And, besides, between us and Willborough there was an awkward cross-country post, so that I seldom dispatched a packet to the Gable House oftener than once a week. Horace's movements were very uncertain, as he flitted about between Willborough and Meadow Leas and the Hall. He even made a flying visit to the north, to consult with the chairman of the water-works company, and to reconnoitre his ground; and he accomplished the double journey thither and back again, and transacted his business, all within the space of five days. We thought this a very wonderful achievement. (I forget how few hours are requisite to do it in now.) As Horace seemed to have no settled abode, I generally sent my letters to him under cover to Uncle Gough or to Anna at the Gable House, and I frequently received his, through their hands, in the same way.

Gradually, by slow degrees—degrees it was as impossible for me to trace as the shifting hues of sunset on the western waves, which began with rosy lustre, and left the deep waters dark—I found a change in my lover's letters. It seemed as if some spell were cast over him—as if a shadow had interposed itself between him and me—and at length one dreary fortnight passed and he did not write at all. But I fought against the dread that lay coiled up coldly at the bottom of my heart, and I endeavored to be cheerful. How good my aunt was! How patient, how unselfish! I have never seen recorded the story of a purer, sweeter life than Lucy Gough's. You, my godchild, are named after her. Hers was the large heart, which, cleaving strongly to its own, yet could embrace all suffering souls in a divine rapture of charity. As you go through life you will meet devoted wives who grudge hard-earned fame and fortune to their husbands' peers; admiring sisters who delight to jeer at their brothers' rivals in the race of life; doting mothers who, wrapping their own little ones warmly in the soft shelter of maternal love, will yet bring themselves to turn a cold stern front on the forlorn defenseless infancy that peeps in, shivering, from the hard outer world, at the bright flame burning on the hearth of home. But not of these was my aunt. Perhaps my own trouble taught me to understand and value her better than I had ever done before. Sorrow comes to teach such lessons. The worst was, I could not quite keep it to myself. "Has Horace written this week? What does he say?" She would question me thus, and I could not always keep back tears, though I tried hard. Though I tried very hard.

It was now drawing near the time at which I understood Horace was to take his departure for the north—within a day or two, as I reckoned—and I was feverishly hoping for a letter. A packet had come from the Gable House one morning, directed in Anna's hand, and containing a long letter from my uncle, and a short note from Anna for my aunt. But nothing from Horace; not one word. There was an incomprehensible allusion to my indolence as a letter-writer made by my uncle. "Madge is a good correspondent to me, my love," he said, writing to my aunt, "but urge her not to let us old folks engross all her pretty letters. I think Horace feels hurt." What did this mean? I could not understand it.

The day had been oppressively hot, and the moonless night came down from a brooding sultry sky. We sat with open windows, listening to the plash, plash, of the tide upon the shingle, and catching now and again, through the gathering darkness, the distant flash of some white-crested wave leaping high above its fellows. Mr. Norcliffe was with us, and we had all been sitting silent for some minutes.

"How the sea booms to-night!" I said. "Is it not a hollow, threatening noise?"

"Yes," he answered, "I know the sound well. We shall have a storm."

While he was yet speaking, rapid wheels and hoofs grated on the road beneath the windows, and a post-chaise stopped before the door.

I heard a voice telling the postillion to stop. "Why, it is uncle."

I started up breathless.

"James!" cried my aunt, with a scared look, "what can have brought him here?"

"Oh, I know, I know!" I exclaimed, "Horace must be with him—he has come to say good-by, he has come to see me before he goes!"

I was rushing to the room door, when it opened, and my uncle stood before me, alone. I know not what wild thoughts whirled through my brain. I turned giddy. I saw his pale, rigid face, and my heart stood still.

"Horace!" I gasped out. "He is dead!"

"My bairn! My bairn!"

"He is dead, and you have kept me from him!" My own voice sounded hoarse and strange in my own ears.

"Margaret! My beloved child! Be strong, be brave!"

"Tell me the truth. He is mine. I have a right to know. Is he dead?"

I clutched my uncle's arm. At the touch of my hand his locked mouth broke from its fixed lines with the terrible convulsion that comes upon a strong man when he weeps.

"No, Margaret, he is not dead. But he is gone—fled—fled away with Anna—and he is a damned black villain!"

The boom of the sea grew into a great roar, thick darkness came over me, and I fell down senseless.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE HEIGHT OF INDUSTRY.—We know a girl so industrious that when she has nothing else to do she knits her brows.

Louis XIV., playing at backgammon, had a doubtful throw. A dispute arose, and the surrounding courtiers all remained silent. The Count de Grammont, happening to come in at that instant, "Decide the matter," said the King. "Sire," said the Count, "your Majesty is in the wrong." "How can you thus decide," asked the King, "without knowing the question?" "Because," said the Count, "had the matter been doubtful, all these gentlemen present would have given it for your Majesty."

Horace Walpole records in his "Walpoliana" an Irish bull, which he pronounces to be the *best* he ever met with. "I hate that woman," said a gentleman, looking at a person who had been his nurse—"I hate her, for when I was a child she changed me at nurse." This was indeed a perplexing assertion: but we have a similar instance recorded in the autobiography of an Irishman, who gravely informs us that he "ran away early in life from his father on discovering he was only his uncle."

A VERY PROPER REMARK.—"So it seems," as the young lady observed to the sewing-machine when she put the work before it.

When is old cheese like the American dollar?—When it is all-mitey.

HINT TO HOUSEMAIDS.—How to destroy flies—Encourage spiders.

"If all the world were blind, what a melancholy sight it would be!" said an Irish clergyman.

A Missouri farmer being asked if raising hemp was a good business, answered, "I can't sartin say; but it is surely better than being raised by it."

THE MONEY MARKET.—We understand that a great deal of capital is still "locked up." This might be expected, considering how frequently money has been "tight" of late.

### THE NICEST KIND OF "CROQUET."

The evening was bright with the moon of May,
And the lawn was light as though lit by day—
From the windows I looked—to see Croquet.

Of mallets and balls the usual display:
The hoops all stood in arch array,
And I said to myself, "Soon we'll see Croquet."

But the mallets and balls unheeded lay,
And the maid and the youth! side by side sat they,
And I thought to myself, "Is *that* Croquet?"

I saw the scamp—it was light as day—
Put his arm round her waist in a loving way,
And he squeezed her hand. Was *that* Croquet?

While the red rover rolled forgotten away,
He whispered all that a lover should say,
And he kissed her lips—*what* a queer Croquet!

Silent they sat 'neath the moon of May;
But I knew by her blushes she said not nay,
And I thought in my heart, "Now *that's* Croquet."

### LOVERS' LOGIC.

EDWIN. "You see, dearest, a fellow can't exist without his heart, and, as you happen to have mine, of course I can't exist without you."

ANGELINA. "Oh you absurd creature!"

Why were the Greeks like the Scotch people who refused to allow a young lady to look out of window on a Sunday?—Because they'd no let her see!

An Irish editor in speaking of the miseries of Ireland says: "Her cup of misery has been for ages overflowing, and is *not yet full*."

One of the richest specimens of a real Irish bull which has ever fallen under our notice, was perpetrated by the clever and witty, but blundering Irish knight, Sir Richard Steel, when inviting a certain English nobleman to visit him. "If, Sir," said he, "you ever come within a mile of my house *I hope you will stop there!*"

How does the hairdresser end his days?—He curls up and dyes.

An apprentice sailor-boy fell from the "round top" to the deck, stunned, but little hurt. The captain exclaimed in surprise: "Why, where did you come from?" "From the north of Ireland, yer Honor!" was the prompt reply, as the poor fellow gathered himself up.

Mrs. Jenkins complained in the evening that the turkey she had eaten at Thanksgiving did not set well. "Probably," said Jenkins, "it was not a hen-turkey."

An Irishman, having challenged a gentleman to fight a duel, who somehow *forgot* to attend the appointment, met accidentally that same day the offending party, and thus addressed him: "Well, Sir, I met you this morning, but you did not come; *however, I am determined to meet you to-morrow morning whether you come or not!*"

THE SOAKER'S PARADISE.—Dropmore.

"As I was going over the bridge the other day," said a native of Erin, "I met Pat Hewins. 'Hewins,' says I, 'how are you?' 'Pretty well, thank you, Donnelly,' says he. 'Donnelly!' says I; 'that's not *my* name.' 'Faith, then, no more is mine Hewins.' So with that we looked at aich other agin, an' sure enough it was nayther of us."

Be temperate in diet. Our first parents ate themselves out of house and home.

It was in Dublin city that a good-humored maid-of-all-work, Molly, once related to her young mistress a most marvelous dream she had had the night before. "Pooh, pooh!" cries the latter, at its conclusion; "you must have been asleep, Molly, when you dreamed such nonsense." "Indeed I was not, then," replies the indignant Molly; "I was just as wide awake as I am this minute."

"Will you run away with me to-morrow night, Kate, dear?" said Phil to his charming rustic belle, who had just arrived at the years of *in*-discretion. "Ah, no, my dear Phil," replied the young lady, with great sense of prudence and decorum; "I will do no such an action as that; but I'll tell you what I will do—*I'll run away without you*, and then you can run after me, and so we will meet at my aunt's that same evenin'."

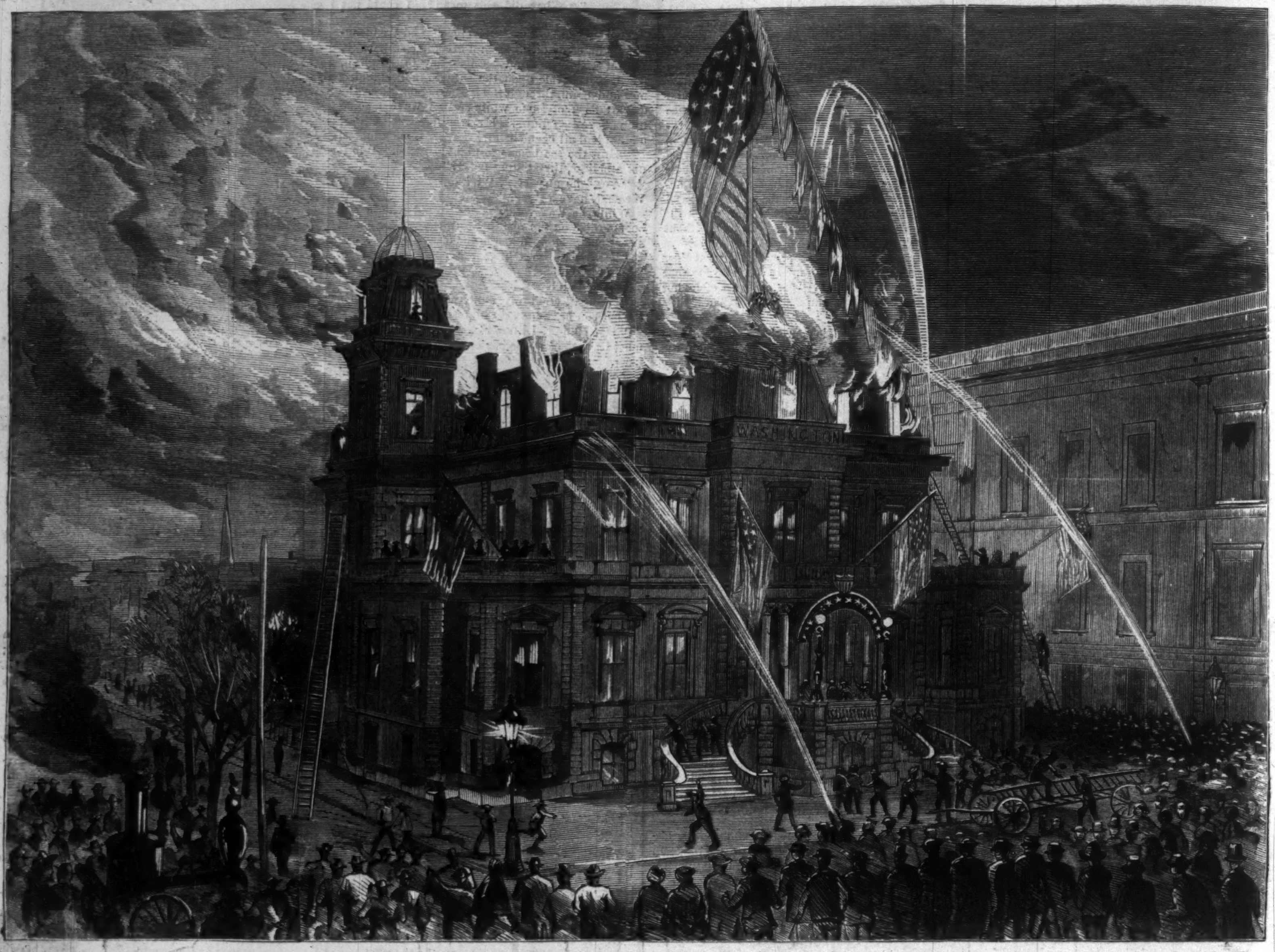
Among mere blunders we believe we have met with no richer specimen than this one, perpetrated by a bell-ringer in Cork. "Oh yis! oh yis! Lost somewhere between twelve o'clock and M'Kinney's store in Market Street a large brass key. I'll not be after tellin' yees what it is, but it's the key of the bank, sure."

A friend once visiting an unworldly philosopher, whose mind was his kingdom, expressed surprise at the smallness of his apartment. "Why, you have not room to swing a cat!" "My friend," was the serene, unappreciative reply, "I do not want to swing a cat."

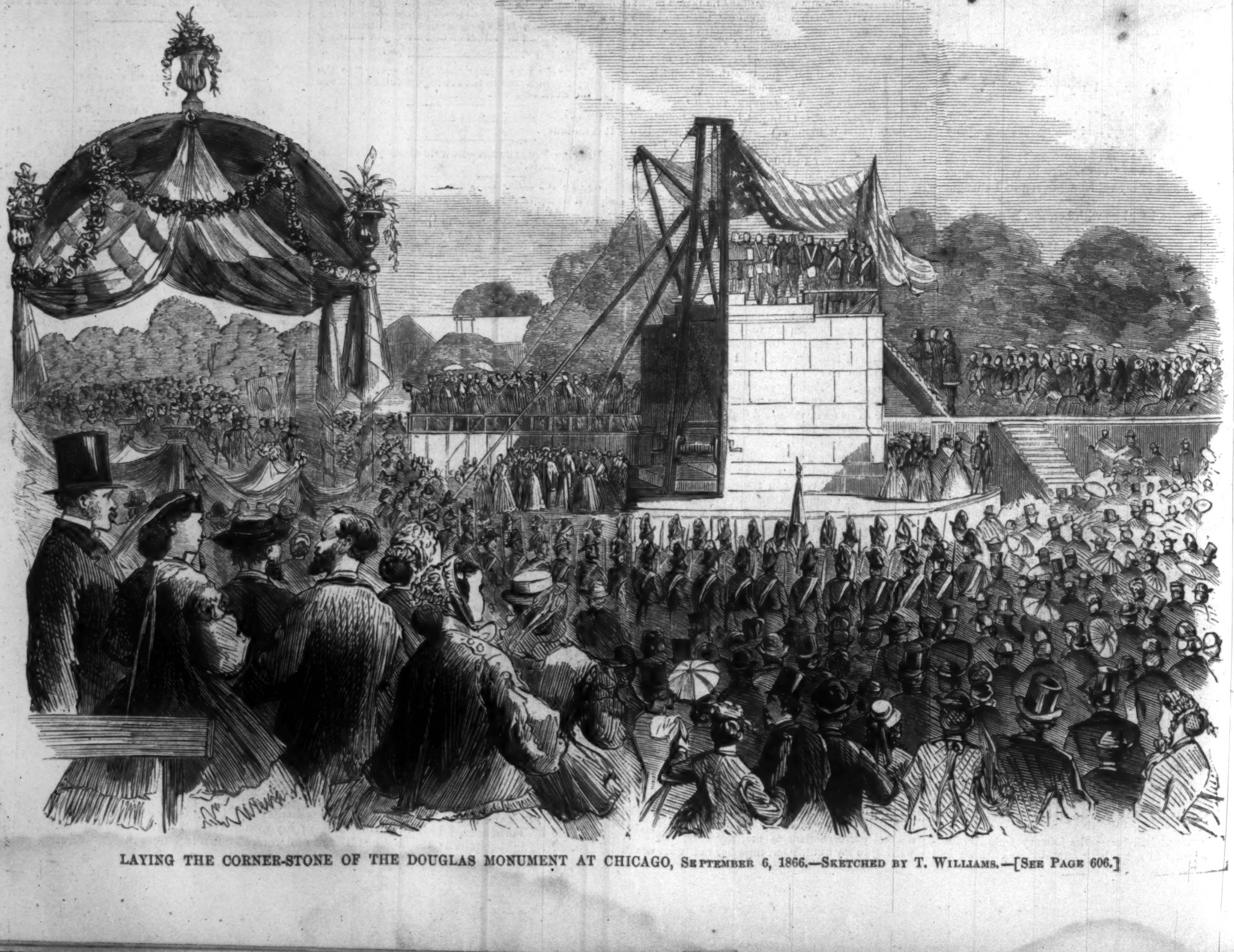
Misery loves company, and so does a marriageable young lady.

A SHOCK.

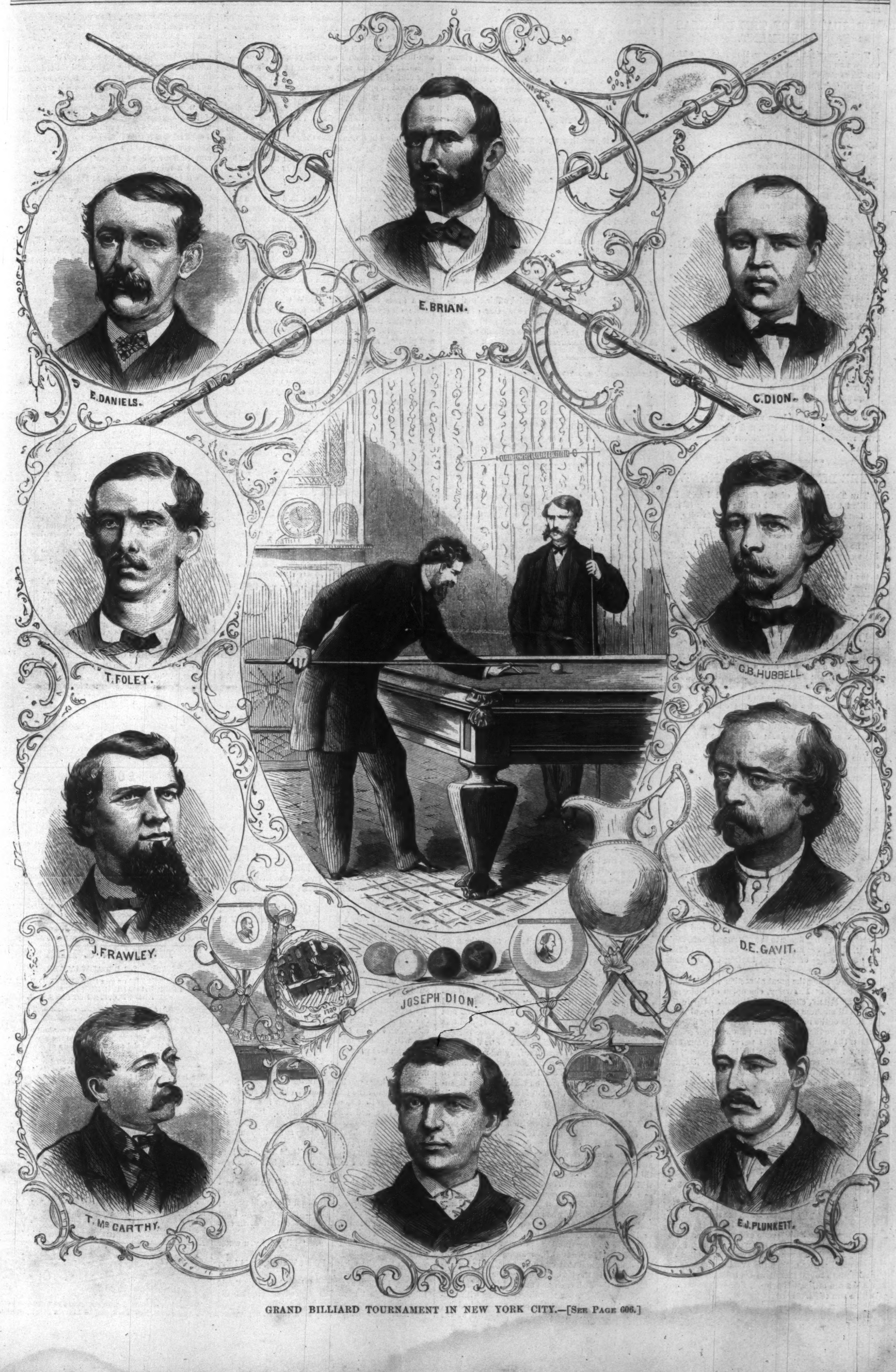
SCIENTIFIC PARTY (*with whom our friend Jones has been having an interesting conversation*). "And speaking of Torpedoes, I have a Little Thing of my own Invention here, which I think you will Like. No Light required; the slightest Touch and you're Blown to Atoms!"



BURNING OF THE UNION LEAGUE BUILDING IN PHILADELPHIA—RESCUE OF THE FLAG BY FIREMEN.—[SEE PAGE 598.]



LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE DOUGLAS MONUMENT AT CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 6, 1866.—SKETCHED BY T. WILLIAMS.—[SEE PAGE 606.]




GRAND BILLIARD TOURNAMENT IN NEW YORK CITY.—[See Page 606.]

## DEDICATION OF THE DOUGLAS MONUMENT.

THE Monument to Senator DOUGLAS, of which we gave an illustration last week, was dedicated on the 6th of September. Twenty-five thousand people participated in the ceremonies, which were interesting and imposing.

The procession started for the grounds where the Monument had been erected at ten o clock A.M., and was two hours in reaching its destination. The Masonic Fraternity took the lead, followed by Mayor RICE and the orator of the day, Major-General JOHN A. DIX. Then, entering the grounds on foot, came President JOHNSON and Secretary SEWARD, arm in arm, followed by General GRANT and Admiral FARRAGUT. Then followed Postmaster-General RANDALL, Secretary WELLES, Generals CUSTER, ROUSSEAU, MEADE, STEEDMAN, and others, distinguished guests, military and civilian.

### LAYING THE CORNER-STONE.

After prayer by the Grand Chaplain of the Masonic Order, the Right Worshipful Grand Treasurer of the Order, M. M. NOISE, proceeded to deposit in the cavity of the stone left for this purpose the customary coins, documents, and other mementoes of the present time. Among these mementoes was a copy of *Harper's Weekly* containing an illustration of the Monument.

At this stage of the proceedings a salute was fired from the guns of the United States revenue cutter *Andy Johnson*, which was lying at anchor in the lake, a short distance from the grounds. After the mementoes had been placed in their proper place one of the bands played a solemn dirge, and while the strains of sacred music were floating on the air the corner-stone was lowered into its future resting-place.

The Dedicatory Address was then delivered by Major-General JOHN A. DIX, and was followed by brief remarks from the President and Secretary SEWARD.

## THE BILLIARD TOURNAMENT.

THE Tournament of the State and Provincial Billiard Champions opened on the evening of the 3d instant, at the Hippotheatron in this city, in the presence of a select audience, of which a respectable proportion were ladies.

The opening game was between EDWARD S. PLUNKETT, champion of Pennsylvania, and J. B. CYRILLE DION, champion of Canada, and brother to the player who holds the champion cue of America. This game, as all others of the tournament proper, consisted of 500 points, caroms, and was won by DION, who made 502 points against 359, and who made 93 points in a single run. The game lasted nearly eight hours. A short game of 100 points was played the same evening between MICHAEL PHELAN and JAMES PALMER, President of the Pennsylvania Billiard Congress, PALMER winning by one point; also a game of 250 points between PHILIP TIEMAN, of Cincinnati, and JOHN M'DEVITT, the former winning by 175 points.

At the afternoon session on the 4th, the playing was even superior to that on the opening night. Especially brilliant were the games between MICHAEL PHELAN and JOHN M'DEVITT, and PHILIP TIEMAN and Mr. WILLIAM WICKS, the latter one of the most expert amateur players in the States.

The trial of skill between champions T. M'CARTHE and E. DANIELS, the former of Fort Wayne, Indiana, and the latter of Boston, Massachusetts, was first on the programme. It proved a very exciting contest, both players exercising their judgment quite as effectively as their hands, in their attempts to place the balls as unfavorably as possible for each other. The game, which fluctuated considerably, one player being now ahead, and in the next moment the other, lasted 1 hour and 43 minutes, and the average of the winner was confined to 9 points to a run. DANIELS won by 500 points against 434; he made the highest run, of 80 points.

In the game between TIEMAN and WICKS which followed, TIEMAN made the handsome run, unusually large for a full-sized four-pocket table, of 179, and averaged $31\frac{1}{4}$ in a string of 250 points, winning by 189. The game between M'DEVITT and PHELAN was a fitting finale to the afternoon's entertainment, M'DEVITT making as his best a run of 181, and an average of $28\frac{1}{2}$, and beating his opponent 242 points.

In the evening the great attraction was the game between JOHN FRAWLEY, champion of Ohio, and THOMAS FOLEY, champion of Illinois. Up to the last hundred these players ran along at equal pace, the calls of the marker seldom announcing a difference of more than eight or ten points in their scores. When the relative positions were: FRAWLEY 372, FOLEY 360, the latter made his largest count, 65. This gave him an advantage that he never lost, and in his 58th inning he was declared victor.

The games on the afternoon of the 5th were a decided improvement on those previously played, except that by Mr. DION and Mr. PLUNKETT the first night. The first game was between Mr. HARRISON, champion of Missouri, and Mr. HUBBELL, champion of Connecticut. This was a close, spirited, and well-contested game, Mr. HUBBELL winning by eight points only. At the close the score stood: HUBBELL 500, HARRISON 492. The second game in the afternoon was between Mr. DION, of Canada, and Mr. DANIELS, of Massachusetts. Neither of the players displayed particular skill, the "misses" being frequent throughout the game. It was, nevertheless, easily won by Mr. DION, the score standing at the close: DION 500, DANIELS 310. In the evening one "champion's" game of five hundred points was played between Mr. FRAWLEY and Mr. PLUNKETT. At the start Mr. FRAWLEY exhibited the same carelessness noticed the evening previous, but at the ninth round he nursed his balls carefully and made a run of 102, following it the sixth round after with a run of 82. He was, however, beaten by Mr. PLUNKETT, who played steadily and excellently throughout the game, making runs of 52, 40, 53, 64, 50, and 50 points. At the close the score stood: FRAWLEY 415, PLUNKETT 500. The average of the winner was $16\frac{4}{31}$, and of the loser $13\frac{12}{31}$.

On the afternoon of the 6th, CYRILLE DION, champion of Canada, defeated T. M'CARTHY, champion of Indiana, and THOMAS FOLEY, champion of Illinois, was beaten by A. H. HARRISON, champion of Missouri. In the evening the opening game—the ninth of the tournament proper—was between T. M'CARTHY, champion of Indiana, and THOMAS FOLEY, champion of Illinois. The latter was again beaten.

On the 7th, a rather weak game was played between G. B. HUBBELL and Mr. PLUNKETT, the latter winning. The closing contest of the afternoon was between JOHN FRAWLEY and A. H. HARRISON. FRAWLEY lost, though he made a run of 140 points. In the evening E. DANIELS won a game against G. B. HUBBELL.

Up to Saturday evening (the 8th instant) fifteen games had been played, Mr DION having won four, the largest number. Unfortunately the success of the Tournament was marred at this point by charges of collusion which have been made against Messrs. FRAWLEY and HARRISON. On the 10th these charges were investigated, and it was decided that game No. 11 played on the 7th, should be considered null and void.

The Tournament was a splendid affair throughout, and is illustrated on page 605. Our illustration includes sketches of the pitcher, gold watch, billiard table, cues, etc., which are to be distributed as prizes to the most successful champions.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

## THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

BY MISS ANNA WARNER,
Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

IN the very crisis of the work Sam went away; just, as Lily said, when every thing wanted him. There were more seeds to sow, and there were young plants to put out; above all, there were weeds which must *not* be put out. For even in those little flower-pots in the boxes weeds grew, fast and thick, and must be constantly pulled up. This was easy enough when the flower plants were there too, and the children soon learned to know many of the rightful owners of the soil; but in a pot where the weeds sprang first, before the flowers, there was great need of care. And there was nobody to consult with now; Sam was to be gone a month, and no one else could take his place, so the children were obliged to make use of all the wits they had. What grave questions arose, and were debated there in the window-seat! As, whether it was yet too cold to plant out the little seedlings; whether they needed water; and the like. Mrs. May told them she had always heard that most young plants should not be transplanted until they had their second pair of leaves; but it seemed as if these never would come, and, besides, who could tell whether this precious selection could be fairly classed under the head of "most young plants?" So the discussions were endless.

Then Mr. May, looking over the boxes one morning, affirmed that they had too much heat, and that Lily's flax and other things were running up as tall and slim as she was herself, instead of being stout, thrifty plants.

"But what shall we do with 'em, papa?" said Lily.

"Take them out of the boxes and set them on a table, *I* should," said Mr. May. "They want air, poor things!"

Now it was not endurable to have such plants called "poor things;" so at once the pots were taken out, and the boxes set away, though Clover's mind was not at all at rest on the subject. Primrose had been quite uneasy about her ipomœas, which after that first cracking of the ground above their heads had made little progress; and she had (quite privately) given that particular flower-pot more than one decided watering or soaking; and still the plants did not come.

But the work out of doors began to be the most interesting now; and each child went about it so entirely after her own fashion that the gardens were, as Mr. May had said, a study. Clover, as usual, was perfectly neat and methodical—in her garden as elsewhere all she touched fell into order, as if under the wand of the old fairy herself. She had found a neglected basket in the garret, wide and long, without a cover and with a handle; and this basket being the desire of nobody else, became straightway the comfort of Clover. She dusted it, and washed it, and rubbed it up; tying some of her own odds and ends of red ribbon at the handle; both to cover up some breaks and damages, and to take off the look of a common basket, which it undeniably had. Then with labels and papers of seeds at one end, and her little trowel in the other, Clover went to her garden in full content of heart, and sowed and planted with a precision which few people ever attempted before. True, Sam had told her that it was best to sow the seeds rather thicker than the plants must stand, for some might not grow, and some young plants might die—they could be thinned out afterward to the proper distance. But still Clover believed in her heart that it was best to sow with the utmost regularity, putting seeds at precisely six inches from each other, if the plants were to stand precisely one foot; and any body who had peeped into her basket would have seen several small neat measuring sticks, of different lengths. Of course no very small seeds could be planted in this way, and such gave Clover an amount of thought and consideration that was only equaled by her enjoyment. In the basket, too, lay a neat list of all the kinds she had, each one marked "two feet," or "six inches high," or "trailing;" along with sundry cabalistic signs that the flower would be blue, white, or yellow. Some were in the pots at the house, some here in the basket; and the arranging of colors, and the placing of tall plants in the centre, and of vines by the fence; of single plants here, and of masses there, gave Clover's patient imagination more work than I can tell you.

Nothing of this sort went on in Lily's sphere. Lily stuffed her pocket with seed-bags, caught up her trowel in one hand and her bonnet in the other, rushed down to her garden as if the whole spring-work rested on her little shoulders, and then sowed and labeled with infinite zeal indeed, but without a particle of consideration. She would finish off more patches in ten minutes than Clover in a whole morning's work; and her seeds had all been planted some days before Clover intrusted the last of her treasures to the brown earth, 'in hope of a glorious resurrection."

Little Primrose, on her part, managed her garden as she did every thing else, in a sort of a rosy dream—it was all poetry to Primrose, though she did not know it. No common questions about color and height troubled her head. She had studied the Catalogue descriptions until each flower was personified to her thoughts; and the point was not at all whether datura and œnothera would contrast well if planted near together, but each must be placed for its own sake: the œnotheras must show their wonderful white flowers *here*, close by the green grass border, and a little withdrawn from public observation; and the pansies must stand *here*, where mamma could see them from the bow-window. So Prim planted and mused, and mused and planted, and lived a garden life that was about half dream and half sunlight.

Great was the joy when Sam came home, bringing with him the three rose-bushes—a white, a crimson, and a blush. Each was leading a rather weary existence in a flower-pot just then, and looked faint-hearted accordingly; but Sam said they were good, strong plants, and would grow well as soon as they had a chance.

"I shall put mine in the very middle of my garden—the beauty!" said Lily.

"I shall put mine close to the walk, so that I can smell the roses," said Primrose.

Clover said nothing, but she thought of a place between her sweet alyssum and mignonnette—the very place of places for a rose!—and her cheeks glowed with pleasure.

"Now we can use our spades," said Lily, "to dig the holes."

Sam said nothing to dispute that; but when they all went out next morning, carrying the roses, he took his spade too, and his wheel-barrow, and when Lily had dug a hole about the size of the flower-pot that held her rose Sam fell to work, nor ever stopped till he had made the hole at least a foot deep and more than that across.

"If you think I'm going to plant my rose down *there*," said Lily, "you're just mistaken. I know better."

"It's worse than my sweet-peas," said Primrose.

Sam laughed and bade them have patience; and then he threw in a quantity of black stuff from his wheel-barrow, filling the hole half full. Upon this again he threw some of the earth that lay round the edge of the hole, and then mixed the whole well together, digging it up again and again.

"Now you can plant your rose," he said to Lily.

"Sam, what was all that for?" said Clover.

"Roses are great feeders—they want a very rich soil, well prepared. Lily, don't pull your rose out of the pot—you'll break off all the roots."

There seemed some danger of that, indeed, for Lily had taken her rose by the stem and was trying to shake the pot off.

"How am I to get it out, then?" she said, setting down the unfortunate rose. "It sticks."

"Sticks!" said Sam; "of course it does; the earth is full of little roots, all matted and twined together. See—take this old knife and slip it round the edge—so—as close to the pot as possible. Now lay your hand close on the top of the pot, with the rose stem between your fingers—so. Hold it tight, and with your other hand gently turn the pot upside down—there—you see the rose with its ball of earth is safe in your left hand, and the pot is loose and can be taken away."

"Why, how nice!" said Lily. "But the ball of earth don't *stay* a ball, Sam—it crumbles all to pieces."

"That is because you shook it so unceremoniously in the first place. Never mind—you'll know better next time. But don't let it crumble any more than you can help, set it gently down in the middle of your hole, and hold the stem up quite straight. No, not so deep; throw in a little more earth, that part of the rose where the stem joins the root—the crown it is called—must be just at the surface of the earth. Now cover the roots nicely, and make all even and smooth; and then you will want to take your rake and rake out our footsteps, and put things in neat order again."

"I should think so!" said Lily. "What a muss!"

"What have you been planting here?" said Sam, walking round the garden and looking at some tiny green things that stood hanging their heads sadly.

"Oh, flax, and things," said Lily. "Those are pinks."

"But what makes them droop so?—did you treat them as you did your rose?"

"I pulled them up, of course," said Lily. "There was nothing else I could do. They had to be separated."

"But pulling them up breaks off the little precious roots. How did you do with yours, Clover?"

"I tried a tea-spoon first," said Clover, blushing; "and then I thought that was too large, and I got a little, little flat stick, and stuck that down into the pot like a spade."

"Very good," said Sam. "Lily, did you water your plants?"

"Oh yes, the minute I'd set 'em out," said Lily.

"And shaded them?"

"No, I didn't know any thing about that," said Lily. "I just gave 'em a good soaking at the time, and then every morning since."

"Ah!" said Sam, "they look like it. Flowers, like some other people, often need less defense from their enemies than their friends. Now take a lesson for next time. Take up each little plant very carefully—Clover has told you how—with as much earth as possible about its roots. Then dig a hole, a little larger than the plant, and set it in, spreading out the roots, or arranging them, as naturally as possible; hold up the plant quite straight, and throw the earth in very gently, and press it lightly down. Then water it gently and thoroughly, and if it is a sunny day shade it with an old flower-pot, or a bit of shingle, or even a hood of paper held in a split stick. Shade it for several days, but always uncover it by night, that the plant may have dew and fresh air. Set out your plants, if you *can*, just before a rain; but if they need further watering, give it to them always just at evening, after the sun is off."

"Well!" said Lily, "I suppose Clover will put all that in *her* head, but it's by no means certain that I shall in mine. Now let's go and plant the other roses."

"Sam," said Clover as they walked off, "what made you cut off that piece of Lily's rose-root?"

"It was broken," said Sam; "and a broken root does only harm. Any broken or bruised root should be cut smoothly off before planting."

"Of approved usefulness; all that they profess to be."—BURNETT'S Cocoaine for the Hair, and his other Toilet Preparations.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

MOTH AND FRECKLES.—Ladies afflicted with discolorations on the face, called moth-patches or freckles, should use PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. It is infallible. Prepared and sold by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, No. 49 Bond Street, New York. Sold by all druggists.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Splendid Present.

**Harper's Illuminated and Pictorial BIBLE.**

Including the Apocrypha. Superbly embellished by over Sixteen Hundred Illustrations, exquisitely engraved by Adams, after Designs by Chapman, exclusive of a Series of Rich Illuminations in Colors, comprising Frontispieces, Presentation Plate, Family Record, Title-Page, &c. The whole forming a sumptuous Folio Volume.

PRICES.—Morocco, gilt edges, beveled and paneled sides, $35 00; Morocco extra, gilt edges, $32 00.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, New York.

For sale by A. WILLIAMS & CO., Boston: SMITH, ENGLISH & CO., Philadelphia; CUSHINGS & BAILEY, Baltimore; FRANCK TAYLOR, Washington; J. B. COBB & CO., Cleveland; ROBERT CLARKE & CO., Cincinnati; KEITH & WOODS, St. Louis; S. C. GRIGGS & CO., Chicago; A. ROMAN & CO. and H. H. BANCROFT & CO., San Francisco; DAWSON & BROTHERS, Montreal.

DISTINGUISHED CHARACTERS.—Bismarck, Archduke Albert, Queen Emma, Joseph Sturge, Horace Vernet, F. N. Gisborn, Cyrus W. Field; a Group of Native Africans; Anthropology, Physiology, Psychology, Pneumatology, and Physiognomy; Beaming Eyes, Impressions, Large Noses, Prenatal Influences; Whom to Elect; Debating Societies; Phrenology, by John Neal; "Out of Place," by Mrs Wyllis; "Quack Medicines," Fagging and Flogging, Foreign Airs, &c., in SEPT. NO. PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. 20 cents, or $2 a Year. FOWLER & WELLS, New York.

100,000
WATCHES, CHAINS, SETS OF JEWELRY, PENS, BRACELETS, CASTORS, GOBLETS, SPOONS, FORKS, NAPKIN RINGS, &c., &c.,

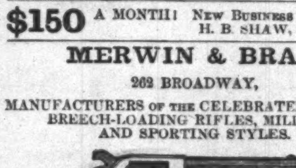
**Worth $500,000!**

To be sold for ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get. Send 25 cents for a Certificate, which will inform you what you can have for $1, and at the same time get our Circular containing full list and particulars, also terms to Agents, which we want in every town and county. J. H. WINSLOW & CO., 208 Broadway, N. Y.

**$1500** PER YEAR paid by SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine, or Chicago, Ill.

**$150** A MONTH! NEW BUSINESS FOR AGENTS. H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me.

**MERWIN & BRAY,**
262 BROADWAY,
MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED BALLARD BREECH-LOADING RIFLES, MILITARY AND SPORTING STYLES.



These Rifles carry a ball varying from one half ounce each to 120 to the pound. Material and workmanship of the best quality. They are warranted in every respect.

SOLE AGENTS
for the well-known Eagle Arms Co.'s Cartridge Revolvers, Belt and Pocket size. These Pistols require but four motions to load and discharge, a degree of perfection never before obtained. Are sure fire, and carry a much larger ball than any other revolver of the same weight and size. Also Agents for the Whitney Arms Co.'s Colt's model Revolvers, and the New York Metallic Ammunition Co.'s Copper Cartridge of every style and size.

Dealers in Arms and Ammunition of all kinds. Illustrated Circulars furnished when desired.

262 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED.—Agents are now wanted to solicit orders in each town in the United States for THE ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE BIBLE, by JOHN KITTO, D.D., F.S.A., Edited by ALVAN BOND, D.D., of Norwich, Connecticut.

This is the best selling book now published. Agents make from $100 to $300 per month, and say "*they never knew a book to sell so well.*" For further information apply immediately to the publisher,

HENRY BILL, Norwich, Conn.

PORTABLE PRINTING OFFICES

For Merchants, Druggists, and all who wish to print neatly, cheaply, and expeditiously. Circular sent free. Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., 10 cts. ADAMS PRESS COMPANY, 26 Ann Street, New York, and 35 Lincoln Street, Boston.

# THE EXTRA TRIBUNE

FOR THE

## POLITICAL CAMPAIGN.

A political struggle, rarely surpassed in importance or intensity, has been precipitated on the country by the treachery of Andrew Johnson and some of his official or personal adherents to the great and patriotic party by which they were intrusted with power.

The aim of this treachery is to put the steadfast Loyalists of the South under the feet of the "whipped but not subdued" Rebels, and to enable the latter to glut their vengeance on the former, whom they hate and curse as responsible for the most unexpected overthrow of their darling "Confederacy."

The recent wholesale massacres at Memphis and New Orleans were but conspicuous manifestations of the spirit now rampant in the South, whereof the Pro-Rebel triumph in Kentucky is a more recent example. The soldiers of Lee, Beauregard, Johnston, and Hood are now the dominant power from the Potomac to the Rio Grande; they elect each other to office in preference even to stay-at-home Rebels; they have supplanted nearly all others as policemen of Southern cities; they are organized and officered as State militia; and they ruthlessly crush every demonstration of loyal Whites or loyal Blacks in assertion of the EQUAL RIGHTS of AMERICAN FREEMEN. The school-houses of the Blacks are burned, and their white teachers subjected to violence and outrage by unchanged Rebels, who relieve the work of murder and arson by cheers for Andy Johnson and execrations of Congress.

The purpose of forcing Representatives of the Rebel States into Congress, in defiance of the loyal oath, by Presidential fiat and Military power, is openly avowed, with threats that those who resist it shall be treated as rebels, and a civil war thus kindled throughout the North and West.

It has thus become imperative that those who stand for LIBERTY and LOYALTY—for the right of the UNION to exist and of MAN to be FREE—should organize and work to strengthen the hands of CONGRESS for the inevitable contest before us.

We must convince the SOUTH and the COPPERHEADS that revolutions go not backward—that Emancipation is an unchangeable fact—that the glorious CIVIL RIGHTS ACT can never be repealed—that the rights of the humblest AMERICAN are henceforth guaranteed and shielded by the FEDERAL CONSTITUTION, and must be maintained against all gainsayers—that the days wherin BLACKS had no rights which WHITES were bound to respect have passed away forever.

We hold to-day the power in all the Free States of 1860, in West Virginia, and in Missouri beside. We must hold these in our ensuing elections, and add to them Maryland and Delaware—the former lost to us through treachery, otherwise Johnsonism. We must elect to the Fortieth Congress an overwhelming majority devoted to Loyalty, Nationality, and the inalienable Rights of Man.

To this end let Light and Truth be systematically diffused to every neighborhood, every fireside, throughout our broad country.

To this end we propose an extra issue of The Weekly Tribune (identical in size and contents with the regular edition), which we will supply to all Subscriptions received prior to September 12, on the following terms, the paper to be sent and subscriptions to commence on receipt of the money:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 2 | copies for three months | $1 |
| 12 | " " " | 5 |
| 26 | " " " | 10 |
| 60 | " " " | 20 |
| 100 | " " " | 30 |

PAYABLE ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

The papers to be sent to one address.

All friends of the cause are invited to form clubs.

Address THE TRIBUNE,
No. 154 Nassau Street, New York.

## TO ADVERTISERS.

Merchants, Manufacturers, Inventors, Real Estate Owners, Schools, and all others who desire to reach customers in all parts of the country, as well as in the city, will find it to their interest to advertise in the New York Tribune.

The circulation of The Tribune is larger than that of any other newspaper, and it is read by the most enterprising, thrifty, and industrious classes. Advertisements inserted in each of the editions of The Tribune—Daily, Semi-Weekly, and Weekly—will be read by nearly a million of people, and no investment pays a business man so well as the money he spends in judicious advertising. The investigation by the Mayor and Comptroller of the City resulted in naming the Daily Tribune as being one of the two papers having the largest daily circulation, and its weekly edition is acknowledged to be far greater than that of any other newspaper. The Daily Tribune is read by enterprising and intelligent business men and their families, and those who make known their wants through its columns will reach the very best classes of buyers.

Rates of Advertising in The New York Daily Tribune: Ordinary Advertisements, classified under appropriate heads, Fifteen Cents per line each insertion. (About eight words average a line.) The Weekly Tribune: One Dollar per line each insertion. Semi-Weekly Tribune: Twenty-five Cents per line each insertion.

All business men seek investments that will pay. The Political Campaign, now fairly inaugurated, is increasing the circulation of The Weekly Tribune immensely, making it more than usually desirable as an advertising medium. Price $1 per line. No advertisement taken for less than $5 00.

Address THE TRIBUNE,
No. 154 Nassau Street, New York.

Real Estate Dealers both in City and Country will find The Tribune a very valuable medium through which to reach parties wishing to buy or sell.

## Brandreth's Pills.

These Pills are safe and sure. They are prepared by a process which secures all the best qualities of the herbs of which they are composed, without any of their bad. They benefit in all cases, and do harm in none.

See B. Brandreth is in white letters on the Government stamp.

## Washes Well! Wears Well!

## The Genuine Magic Ruffle!

These goods, having the above trade-mark on the Box and Card, are warranted to measure six full yards in each piece, and to Wear and Wash as well as any made by hand.

THE GENUINE MAGIC RUFFLES, still manufactured by the original inventors and patentees, on superior machinery, from the best materials, and under careful supervision, have withstood the tests of *six years'* constant use, giving invariable satisfaction.

Manufactured by THE MAGIC RUFFLE COMPANY, No. 95 Chambers Street, New York. Also Manufacturers of RUFFLE FLUTING IRONS. Home-Made Ruffles.

## $5 SEWING MACHINE. $5

First Premium and Improved, the embodiment of practical utility and extreme simplicity. *Originally patented May 13, 1862; Improvement patented June 9, 1863.* The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, with crimping attachment, is noiseless in operation, sews with double or single thread of all kinds with extraordinary rapidity, making sixteen stitches to each evolution of the Wheel. Will gather, hem, ruffle, shirr, tuck, run up breadths, &c., &c. Strongest machine manufactured. Warranted not to get out of order in 5 years. It has received the approval of all the principal journals, and of those who have used it.

"With single or double thread, it silently yet very rapidly does the stitching exactly like hand-sewing."—*New York Tribune.*

Single machines, all complete, sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box, with printed instructions, on receipt of the price, $5. *Safe delivery guaranteed.* Agents wanted every where. Address all orders,

FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE COMPANY,
Office 102 Nassau Street, New York.

## Allcock's Porous Plasters.

Allentown, Penn., *April* 4, 1865.

Messrs. T. Allcock & Co.:

Dear Sirs,—My daughter used one of your Porous Plasters. She had a very bad pain in her side; and it cured her in one week. Yours, truly,

John V. N. Hunter.

We refer to the

**Forty Thousand Druggists**

who sell our Plasters as to their high sterling character.

ALLCOCK & CO., Agency, Brandreth House, N. Y.

Sold by all Druggists.

## AGENTS WANTED.

THE COMPLETE HERBALIST; or, The People their own Physicians by the use of Herbal Remedies, is the title of one of the best family medical books that has ever been offered to the public. The rapid sale of this book, and the large commission allowed, enables a good agent to make easily from $20 to $30 per day. Address, for full particulars, the author and publisher, Dr. O. PHELPS BROWN, No. 19 Grand St., Jersey City, N. J.

## 1866 Fall Fashions.

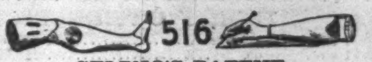
J. W. BRADLEY'S DUPLEX ELLIPTIC (or Double Spring) SKIRTS. The LATEST STYLES are made VERY LIGHT. They combine *Comfort, Durability*, and *Economy* with that ELEGANCE of SHAPE which has made the "DUPLEX ELLIPTIC" the STANDARD SKIRT of the *Fashionable World.*

AT WHOLESALE by the EXCLUSIVE MANUFACTURERS and SOLE OWNERS OF PATENT,

WESTS, BRADLEY, & CARY,
97 Chambers and 79 and 81 Reade Streets,
NEW YORK.

Also at WHOLESALE by the LEADING JOBBERS.

## ARTIFICIAL LEGS AND ARMS.




SELPHO'S PATENT.

Are pronounced by the most eminent Surgeons and upward of ten thousand patients to be the most valuable and *only* reliable substitutes for lost limbs ever invented, comprising all that is desirable in Artificial Limbs, viz.: ease, comfort, lightness, durability, and simplicity. Send for Pamphlet. WILLIAM SELPHO & SON, Patentees and Manufacturers, No. 516 Broadway, New York.

## West Point Life.

"A Poem. Illustrated with 22 Pen-and-Ink Sketches. By A. Cadet. To which is added the song "BENNY HAVENS, OH!" One vol., oblong 8vo, tinted paper, cloth, $2 50. D. VAN NOSTRAND, Publisher, 192 Broadway.

⁂ Copies sent free by mail on receipt of the price.

## EVERY MAN HIS OWN PRINTER.

CHEAPEST AND BEST. Price of Presses, $10, $16, $23, and $30. Price of an office, with Press, $15, $28, $40, $48, and $70. Send for a circular to the LOWE PRESS COMPANY, 23 Water Street, Boston.

## HARPER & BROTHERS, New York,

*Have Recently Published:*

BATTLE PIECES AND ASPECTS OF THE WAR. By Herman Melville, Author of "Typee," "Redburn," "Omoo," "Mardi," "Moby Dick," "Whitejacket," &c. 12mo, Cloth, $1 75.

THE HIDDEN SIN. A Novel. With Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, $1 50; Paper, $1 00.

ENGLISH TRAVELLERS AND ITALIAN BRIGANDS. A Narrative of Capture and Captivity. By W. J. C. Moens. With a Map and several Illustrations. 12mo, Cloth, $1 75.

INSIDE: A Chronicle of Secession. A Novel. By George F. Harrington. With Illustrations by Thomas Nast. 8vo, Cloth, $1 75; Paper, $1 25.

HARPER'S HAND-BOOK FOR TRAVELLERS IN EUROPE AND THE EAST. Being a Guide through France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria, Italy, Sicily, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Switzerland, Tyrol, Russia, Denmark, Sweden, Spain, and Great Britain and Ireland. With a Railroad Map corrected up to July, 1865, and a Map embracing Colored Routes of Travel in the above Countries. By W. Pembroke Fetridge. Fifth Year. Large 12mo, Leather, Pocket-Book Form, $7 50.

FELIX HOLT, THE RADICAL. A Novel. By George Eliot, Author of "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," "Silas Marner," "Scenes of Clerical Life," "Romola," &c. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents. *An Elegant Library Edition will be Published Shortly.*

HOMES WITHOUT HANDS; Being a Description of the Habitations of Animals, classed according to their Principle of Construction. By J. G. Wood, M.A., F.L.S., Author of "Illustrated Natural History." With about 140 Illustrations engraved on Wood by G. Pearson, from Original Designs made by F. W. Keyl and E. A. Smith, under the Author's Superintendence. 8vo, Cloth, Beveled Edges, $4 50; Half Morocco, $6 75.

LAND AT LAST. A Novel in Three Books. By Edmund Yates, Author of "Kissing the Rod," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

ANDERSONVILLE PRISON. A Narrative of Andersonville, drawn from the Evidence elicited on the Trial of Henry Wirz, the Jailer. With the Argument of Col. N. P. Chipman, Judge-Advocate. By Ambrose Spencer. 12mo, Cloth, Beveled Edges, $1 75.

HARPER'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION. By Alfred H. Guernsey and Henry M. Alden. Part I.: From the Beginning of the Conspiracy to the Close of the Peninsular Campaign of 1862. With more than Five Hundred Illustrations. [*This volume consists of nearly 400 pages in large folio, each equivalent to six octavo pages; the volume thus contains as much matter as five ordinary octavo volumes.*] Price $6 00, in Cloth, Gilt, with Beveled Edges.

☞ Liberal Terms to Agents.

NAPOLEON'S CÆSAR. The History of Julius Cæsar. By His Imperial Majesty Napoleon III. Vol. II. Superfine Edition, 8vo, Cloth, Beveled Edges, $3 50.

☞ Atlases *containing beautifully executed Plates for Vols. I. and II. for sale separately. Price* $1 50 *each, net.*

☞ Harper & Brothers *will send the above Works by Mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

$3000 YEARLY INCOME. Selling the wonderful imported IMPERIAL COFFEE EGGS, warranted for 2000 gallons. $3000. 1,000,000 sold in 3 months. $15 per 100. Samples by mail, 50c. Small cuts free. Postage 6c. Address Matthew Westbrook & Co., 8th St., N.Y. Good lists of agents paid for.

ADVERTISING AGENCY for sale at a great bargain. Address W. W. W., *Press* Office, Philadelphia.

## Window Shades,

NEW STYLES WITH PATENT FIXTURES,

Sold only by G. L. & J. B. KELTY,
447 Broadway, above Canal Street.

## HUDSON RIVER INSTITUTE.

Superior advantages in English, Classics, Sciences, Commercial, French, German, Piano Music, and Painting. Lewis's Gymnastics for Ladies, and Military Drill for Gents. Eighteen Instructors. Term opens Sept. 10th.

Rev. ALONZO FLACK, A.M., Principal.
*Claverack, Columbia Co., N. Y.*

## CURTAINS.

**Lace, Brocatelle, Damask, Reps, &c.**

A complete assortment of styles and prices.

G. L. & J. B. KELTY, 447 Broadway.

## Spread the Truth.

Some medical men insist that it is undignified to advertise a remedy, however valuable it may be. Queer reasoning this. It is like saying that an article which the world needs should be hid in a corner—that benefits and blessings may be too widely diffused—that the means of protecting and restoring health should be a close monopoly, and not accessible to all. The argument is bad. It is worse than that: it is *inhuman.* Suppose HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS—an absolute specific for dyspepsia, biliousness, and nervous debility—had never been known beyond the *repertoire* of the faculty, what would have been the consequence? Instead of curing and invigorating millions, the good effects of the preparation would have been confined to a comparative few. There is the highest authority for saying that light should not be hid under a bushel; that whatever is excellent should be placed as a city on a hill, where all men can take cognizance of it. It is upon this principle that the BITTERS have been advertised and continue to be advertised in every newspaper of any prominence in the Western Hemisphere, and that the spontaneous testimonials in its favor have been translated into all written languages. Thousands enjoy perfect health to-day who would be languishing on beds of sickness if the newspapers had not *spread the truth with regard to this unequaled invigorant and corrective* far and wide. Suppose profit *has* been reaped from this publicity. Is *that* any argument against it? If the public health has been protected; if lives have been saved; if the feeble have been strengthened, and the sick restored, *great good has been accomplished;* and who so mean as to grudge to exertions thus directed their fair reward?

**"The Mammoth Informer"** given away to every body. Send stamp for it. Courtship made easy, 15 cents. Bridal etiquette, 15 cents. Laws of love, 30 cents. W. C. WEMYSS, 575 Broadway, New York.

6000 AGENTS wanted to sell six new inventions, of great value to families; all pay great profits. Send 15 cts. and get 80 pages, or 25 cts. and get 80 pages and a sample gratis. Ephraim Brown, Lowell, Mass.

**"How 'tis Done."** Whiskers in 6 w'ks. Gambling exposed. Fortune-telling. Ventriloquism, &c. **100** great secrets. Free for 25c. Address Hunter & Co., Hinsdale, N.H.

THE "THUNDERBOLT," Howard's new Breech-loading Rifle, superior to the Needle Gun, only $25 00. FOWLER & WELLS, Agents, 389 Broadway, New York. Circulars on receipt of stamp.

Agents wanted. Extraordinary inducements. The only bona fide household article for agents to sell. Send for circulars. J. P. Henrie & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

## HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR OCTOBER, 1866.

Contents:

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WAR.—(*Fourth Paper.*)
Illustrations.—Mrs. Bell's, Darnestown.—Topographical Encampment, Magruder's.—Signal Station, Montgomery County.—Encampment of Signal Party, Darnestown, Maryland.—The old Zouave.—Machines for Field Reconnoissance.—Camp Seminary.—Winter Camp of the Fourth New Jersey.—Seminary Pump.—Æsthetics.
WOODEN LEGS.
With an Illustration.
CRUISE OF THE ROB ROY.
Illustrations.—The Rob Roy in the Rollers.—Esquimaux Feat, Summerset.—Shooting a Rapid.—A choked Channel.—The Rob Roy on Wheels.—Cattle swimming the Meuse.—Singers' Wagon.—In the Hay-Fields.—Accommodations Wanted.—Morning Visitors.—The Rob Roy in a Crowd.—Shirking a Waterfall.—Sailing on Lake Zug.—Passing the Rapids of the Reuss.—Washing Barge.—Fixed on a Waterfall—Chain Barrier.—French Fishers.
HEROIC DEEDS OF HEROIC MEN.—XIV. THE WILDS OF ARKANSAS.
Illustrations.—Samuel R. Curtis.—Battle of Pea Ridge.—James G. Blunt.—Francis J. Herron.—Rabb's Battery.—Nineteenth Iowa and Twentieth Wisconsin.—Entry into Little Rock.
SHELBY CABELL.
MRS. ROTH'S BRIDAL TOUR
SLEEP.
THE RUINED CHAPEL.
LADY GODIVA AT HOME.
Illustrations.—The Coventry Procession, 1866.—Peeping Tom.—Arms of Coventry.
SEPTEMBER WOODS.
ROBBED OF HALF A MILLION.
THE BURNING OF COLUMBIA AGAIN.
THE FREEDMAN'S STORY.
THE UGLY TOAD.
COST OF A HOME.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year . . . . . . . . $4 00

*An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of* Five Subscribers, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00.

Harper's Magazine and Harper's Weekly, together, one year, $8 00.

### Circulation 112,000.

The Publishers will accept a limited number of first-class Advertisements for their Magazine, at the following low rates:

| | |
|---|---|
| One Page | $250 00 |
| Half Page | 125 00 |
| Quarter Page | 70 00 |

Or $1 50 per line for a less space. Average eight words to a line.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

### Circulation nearly 100,000.

## HARPER'S WEEKLY.

TERMS.

| | |
|---|---|
| One Copy for One Year | $4 00 |
| One Copy for Three Months | 1 00 |

*And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of* Five Subscribers, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00. *Payment invariably in advance.*

The Bound Volumes of Harper's Weekly from the commencement will be sent to any part of the United States, free of carriage, upon receipt of the price, viz.:

| | |
|---|---|
| Cloth Binding | $7 00 per Volume. |
| Half Morocco | 10 00 " |

Each Volume contains the Numbers for One Year.

Terms to Advertisers.—*One Dollar and Fifty Cents* per line for inside, and *Two Dollars* per line for outside Advertisements, each insertion.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

## STANDARD AMERICAN

## BILLIARD TABLES.

Approved and adopted by the Billiard Congress of 1863. The best and only reliable Billiard Tables manufactured. Balls, Cues, and every article relating to Billiards, for sale by

PHELAN & COLLENDER, Nos. 63, 65, 67, and 69 Crosby Street, New York City.

THE

## GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY

Have selected the following kinds from their Stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

PRICE LIST.

YOUNG HYSON, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10; best, $1 25 ℔ lb.
GREEN TEAS, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10; best, $1 25 ℔ lb.
MIXED, 70c., 80c., 90c.; best, $1 ℔ lb.
JAPAN, $1, $1 10; best, $1 25 ℔ lb.
OOLONG, 70c., 80c., 90c.; best, $1 ℔ lb.
IMPERIAL and GUNPOWDER, best, $1 25 ℔ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10; best $1 20 ℔ lb.

All towns, villages, or manufactories where a large number of men are engaged, by clubbing together, can reduce the price of their Teas and Coffees about one third by sending directly to the

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
(Post-Office Box 5643.) 31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church, New York.

For further particulars, getting up Clubs, &c., see Harper's Weekly, June 23, 1866.